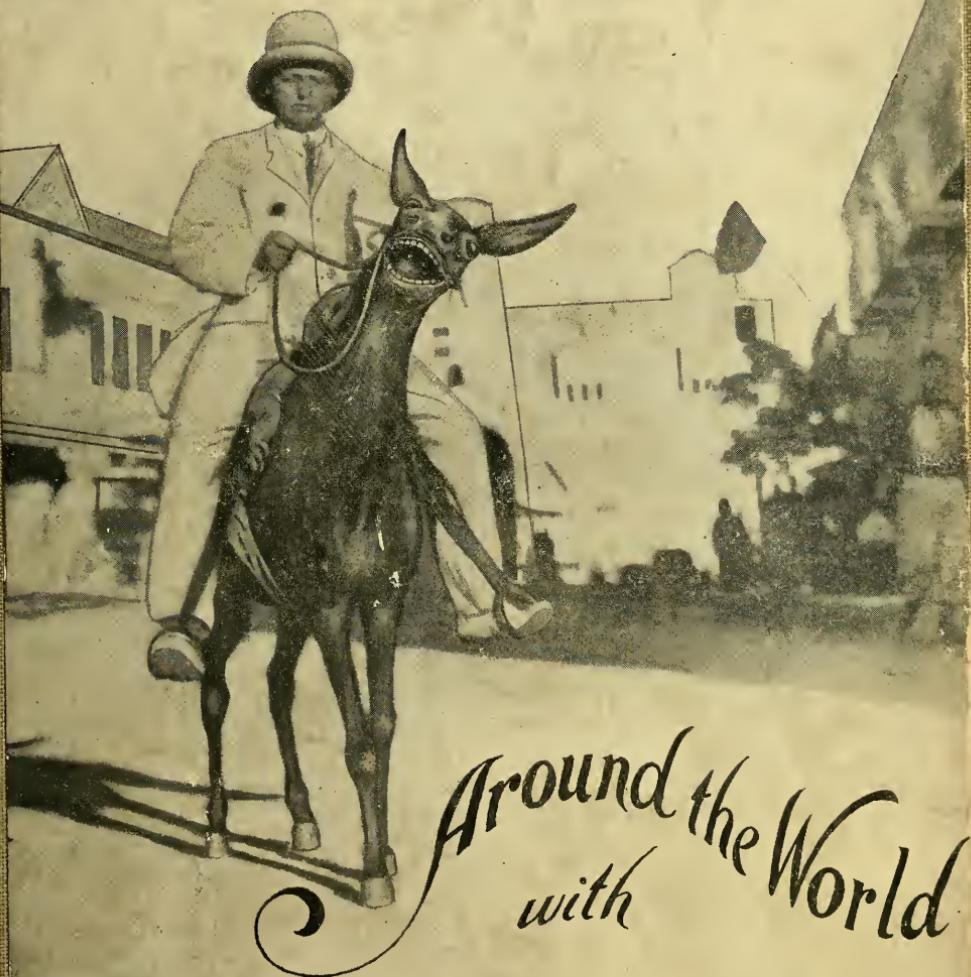


It tickled *him*



Around the World
with

GEORGE HOYT ALLEN

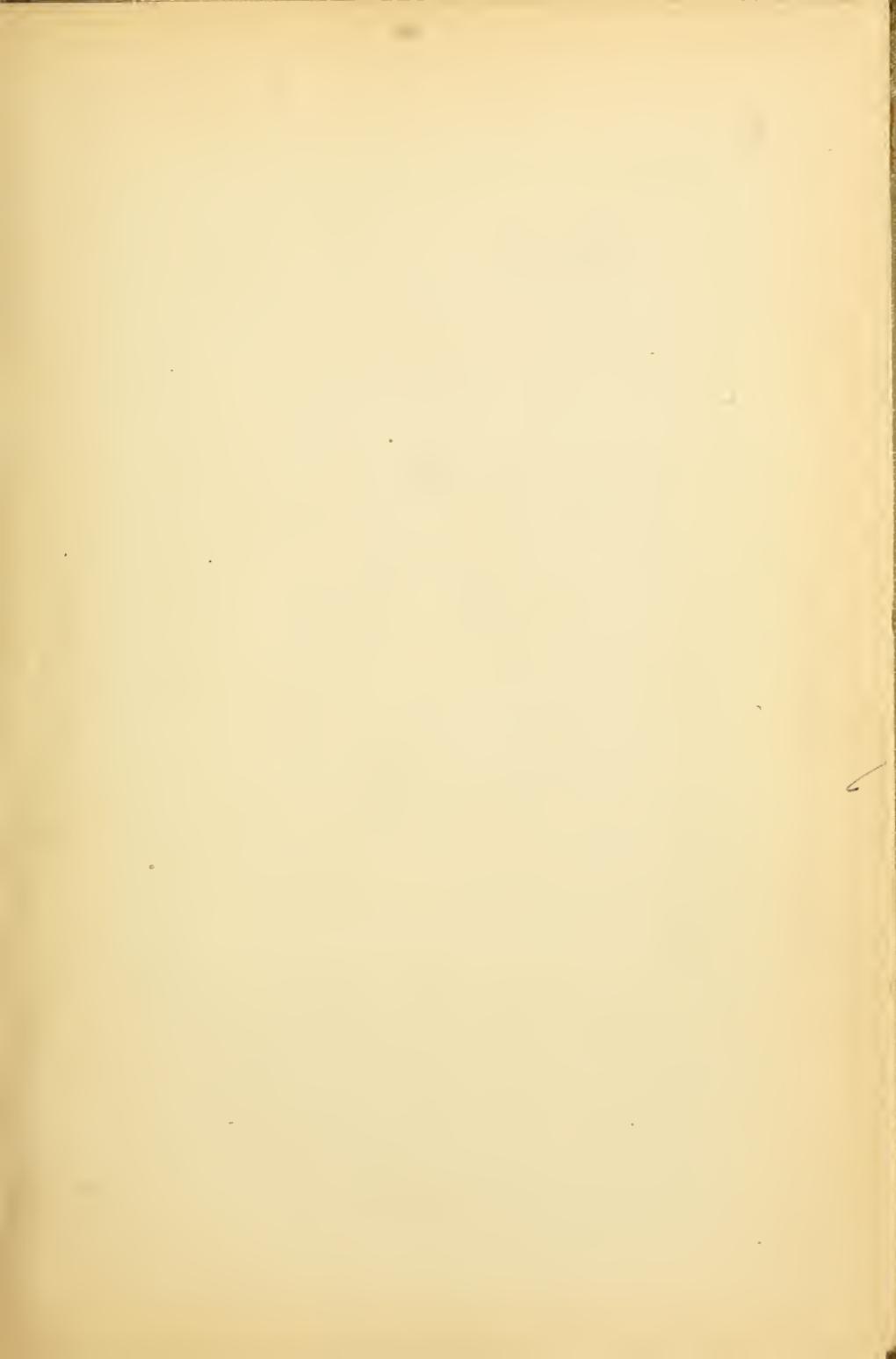


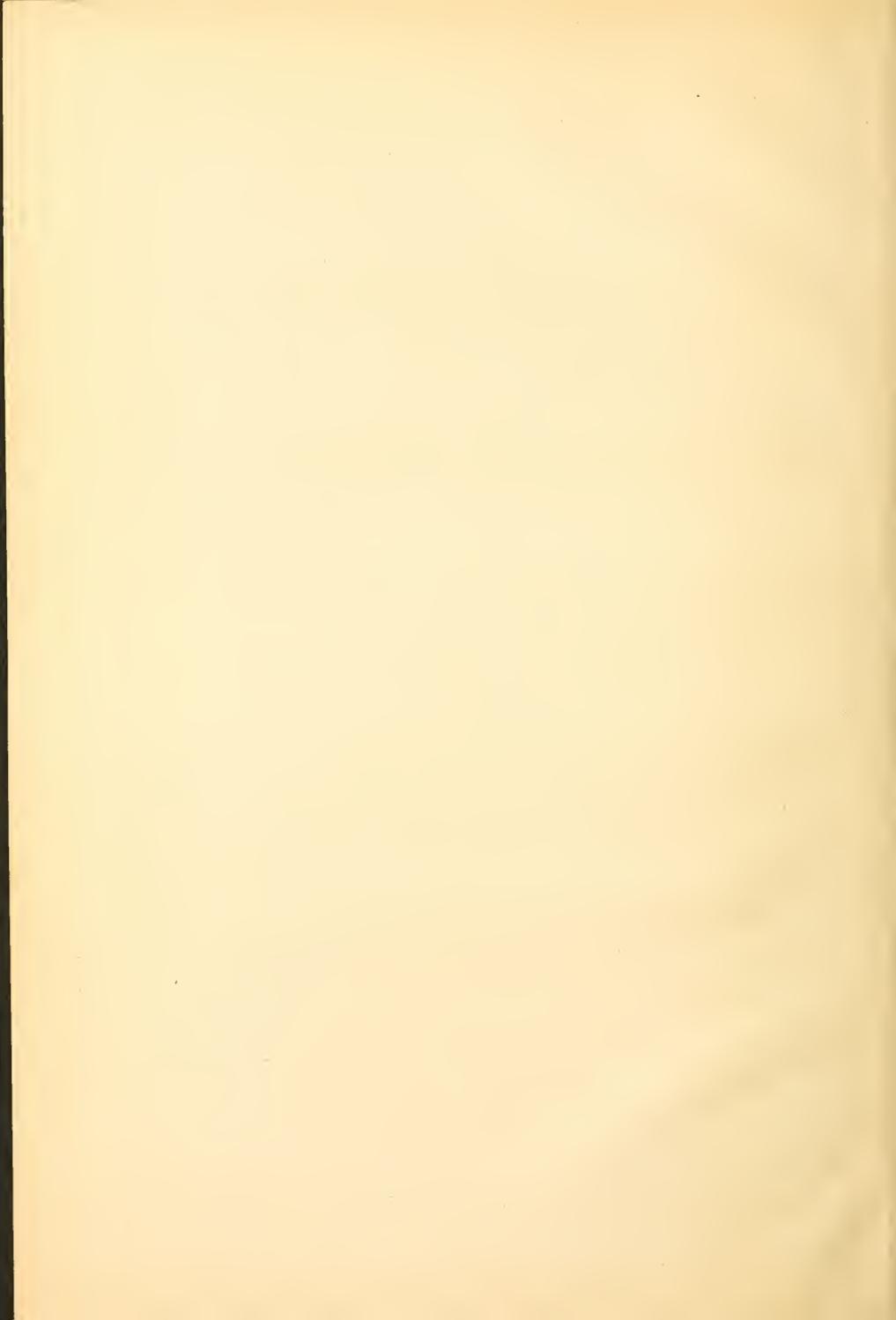
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It tickled *him*

Around the World

With

George Hoyt Allen

BY
GEORGE HOYT ALLEN

CLINTON, N. Y.:
OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL PUBLISHING CO.
1910

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Introduction

Gentle, or savage reader, as the case may be, you who pick up this book, if there's a doubt in your mind as to whether it's full of hot stuff or not, forget it. You can dip into it anywhere and be warmed, and clothed and fed; edified, nourished, and built up. I ought to know, I wrote it.

But I wouldn't ask you to take my unsupported word in this matter. Bless you, no. Having worked off more than fifty of the years allotted to me and in that time bumped up against a good share of the billion and a quarter gentle and savage critter, called man, who infest this globe, I know just what a suspicious lot you are, and, instead of swallowing that statement, bait, hook and sinker, as you should do without question, you'll go swimming around looking at it out of Missouri eyes and saying "show us." Say, why can't you take what's set before you for once in your life and ask no questions for conscience sake? I once knew a fellow who made a fortune by just taking a chance.

In support of my bold assertion as to the quality of the stuff herein set forth, and to allay your suspicions I have prepared for you Chapter I, telling how I met *LaFollette's*.

THE AUTHOR.

1.

HOW I MET *LA FOLLETTE'S*

I'm just a plain, unassuming, human ant, trying to support a family by minding my own business in an humble way, keeping out from under foot, if may be, so as not to get tramped into the ground by the Special Interests.

I got mad at the Tariff Bill, Bill Taft and his crowd foisted on to us vermin last year, and spoke my mind about it.

Yes, sir; I just up and wrote Mr. Taft an open letter and told him if I'd known that the Republican party was going to hand us out such a rotten deal I'd never have voted for him. Got it up in booklet shape, nifty style, full of pictures, and called it "*I Am Reminded.*"

Say, Mr. Taft never answered it. Why! he just ignored it! No sir, he never peeped, leastways not to me. The only balm to my wounded feelings at receiving no acknowledgment from Mr. Taft, in answer to my letter to him (I can't think of anything more annoying than not to have your letters *answered*) was the stack I got from other people. Yes sir, total strangers wrote me in answer to my letter to Mr. Taft. While my letter wasn't written to them they answered it anyway.

Mr. Bryan (William Jennings) wrote to me. He joshed me. Said as bright a man as I was (seemingly) ought to have known better than to be taken in by those Republican promises to reduce the tariff. I'd felt all cut up over Mr. Bryan's letter if he hadn't given the booklet such a send off in his *Commoner*.

A lot of United States Senators wrote to me, too. They were feeling a little lonesome anyway, I guess. Some of them had been read out of their party, so, while they were lonesomely rubbering

AROUND THE WORLD

around to see where they were at they took the opportunity to commend me for that letter of mine to Mr. Taft.

I was in Washington last December. I looked up the address of the Senator who had bubbled the best in writing me, and dropped him a letter. Told him I was in Washington for a few days and that if he wasn't too busy I'd be pleased to call on him, if he would drop me a line telling me when it would be convenient to see me. I'd liked to have called on Mr. Taft but seeing he hadn't answered my letter I felt a little hesitancy about trying to make a date with him. That Senator didn't write to me. No sir, he telephoned me. Asked me how long I was going to be in Washington. Said he was tied up till two o'clock the next day but that he would call on me, at the club, where I was stopping, at 2:30. I was on hand the next day at 2:30 and so was the Senator. In the course of our conversation he asked me if I had ever met Senator LaFollette. I told him I hadn't. He turned to the telephone, looked up a number, got connected and said, "Is this you Senator? Will you be there for an hour? I've got a man here I want to bring around to call on you."

He hung up the receiver and said, "Let's go and call on Senator LaFollette, Mr. Allen."

We went and called on Senator LaFollette. Found him in his private room at the Capitol. We got at him by a private door. The Senator's ante-room was filled with a lot of fellows who all looked as if they wanted something. There was an old ex-soldier with an empty sleeve and another fellow who looked as if he could run a post-office—oh, there was an assorted bunch waiting to see Senator LaFollette. My Senator friend said: "Senator, I want you to meet my friend Mr. Allen of Clinton, N. Y."

I was mightily impressed with Senator LaFollette. He struck me as a human dynamo, radiating energy in talk, and look, and gesture. A man who would drive things to the center and hold 'em there. "Senator," my friend said, "have you seen Mr. Allen's booklet *I Am Reminded?*" The Senator said he hadn't. I had one with me and handed him a copy. He turned the pages,

HOW I MET LA FOLLETTE'S

looked at the pictures, smiled, caught a phrase here and there and smiled again. "Mr. Allen tells me, Senator," my friend said, "that he is going around the world next year. You ought to make a deal with him to write some articles for that magazine of yours. Mr. Allen," he said, "I'm going to my rooms here in the Capitol, in the bureau of Indian affairs. After you get through visiting with Senator LaFollette, come around and see me."

I spent an hour with Senator LaFollette. A more charming man I never met. Never before in one short hour did I get so well acquainted with a man. We thought along the same lines. I told him some of the things I had done in my career as a business man. He told me of some of the things he had done and what he hoped to do. "Mr. Allen," he said, "I am aiming to make a popular magazine of *LaFollette's*. I recognize it needs strengthening in certain lines. I won't say it's heavy reading, but there's a good deal of preaching in it. I've felt that some matter in a lighter vein would help to drive the truths home that we are trying to put up to the people. Write us a page, or half a page, on anything that strikes your fancy, when you happen to have an inspiration. Also write my publishers at Madison a tentative proposition which may lead up to an arrangement with you to contribute regularly for us on your proposed trip around the world next year. It's nearing Christmas. I'm going to Madison for the holiday season. I'll take the matter up with them, when I get home, and my publishers and editor, and I will thresh the proposition over."

I didn't write that page or half a page the Senator suggested. Didn't have an "inspiration." inspirations are elusive ducks and I really had other things to do. I'm a business man and not a magazine writer. But between that time and the following February I did strike up a correspondence with *LaFollette's* and in some joshing sort of letters, back and forth, got pretty well acquainted with the managing editor and business manager. It resulted in a cordial invitation to drop out there and see them.

AROUND THE WORLD

I dropped. Blew into Madison one February day. Editor MacKenzie was in Washington with Senator LaFollette for a two weeks' holiday. They wired him—"Allen is in town; you ought to be here." In a couple of hours this answer came back from MacKenzie—"Leave for Madison this afternoon, hold Allen."

Say! it didn't take a log chain to "hold Allen." My oh! but that *LaFollette's* crowd are a nice lot of boys. Pending the couple of days it took MacKenzie to get to Madison (there was a wreck on the road and he was delayed) they made things so pleasant for me I'd like to have lived there always. Met more good fellows, from the Governor of Wisconsin down, than I ever dreamed a town the size of Madison could hold. MacKenzie finally blew in, in a breezy way, with some facetious remarks about railroads that couldn't keep their cars on the tracks. We all got together and had a feast of reason and flow of soul which resulted in an agreement that I should hand *LaFollette's* some of my "inimitable stuff" on my trip around the world this year.

When it came to the question of my remuneration for pushing my pencil to help popularize *LaFollette's* Magazine, I didn't want them to think that I was a short skate so I opined that \$5,000.00 would be about right. That's a round number—write's easy. Four thousand looks funny and 6,000 or 7,000 looks odd. So I said, "Suppose we make it five?"

"Allen" they said, "we believe you'll prove a find. We'll go you," and we got together on that basis. After everything was all signed and sealed and agreed to, the whole business staff and managers met in MacKenzie's sanctum and we had a bully time. I told them of experiences I'd picked up along life's highway which seemed to interest them.

Mr. Rogers, Senator LaFollette's law partner and Vice President of the *LaFollette's* Publishing Company, turned to MacKenzie and said, "Mack, those stories Mr. Allen has told us are mighty interesting. Use some of them in the issue of *LaFollette's* in which we introduce Mr. Allen to our readers."

HOW I MET LA FOLLETTE'S

"Sure thing," Mr. MacKenzie said. "Push your pencil, Mr. Allen, on your way back east, giving us a synopsis of your career and I'll use it to build an editorial to introduce you to our readers."

In Europe, Asia, Africa or the islands of the sea I've never met a better lot of boys than the *LaFollette's* crowd. The next day I was in Grand Rapids, Michigan, and glowing with the warmth of their appreciation for me, having a few hours on my hands, I did what MacKenzie asked me to. Yes, sir; I sat down and coughed up the high lights in my career, from the time I was a kid of eight years old right down to the minute and mailed the stuff to *LaFollette's*.

It tickled them so much that they published it entire, just as I'd written it, and preceded it in their March 5th issue with this editorial:

Not long ago we got hold of a little booklet written by George Hoyt Allen. It was called *I am Reminded*. We liked it. We told Mr. Allen so. Result: he sent us more of his works, said works being stories of his travels in foreign lands.

Mr. Allen, we discovered, is a good story-teller. He is a keen observer. Few things escape him. He manages to extract a lot of fun out of everything that happens. His philosophy of life is of the wholesome, cheerful kind. It is contagious. Also he has a sense of humor. He is the sort of a man who can laugh when things go wrong, and he can make you laugh with him.

Later we got acquainted with Mr. Allen. We liked him even more than we liked his sketches. We were impressed with his originality and resourcefulness. We were delighted with his quaint humor. We were charmed by his stories.

He said he was planning to make another tour of the world—his fifth—in the interest of his business, during the coming summer.

An idea struck us. Why not have Mr. Allen write some stories about his next trip for *LaFollette's*. Here was a "good thing." Why not pass it along to our readers?

Mr. Allen (as he himself admits) is not a "literary cuss." He is a business man. His mission in life is to convince 80,000,000 people that they simply can't get along without his goods. He took to traveling and to writing primarily for the purpose of getting

AROUND THE WORLD

said people interested in said goods. But the idea worked. It worked because the originator of it understood human nature. He told people things they liked to hear about, in a captivating way. We think most folks like stories of travel. Not the guide-book variety, but the kind that have to do with people—real, live human beings—and with adventures that befall the traveler. Isn't it just that common interest in life outside our own ken that makes us enjoy our Marco Polos and our African huntsmen and our Arctic explorers and our "travelouge" artists?

Negotiations were forthwith begun. We convinced Mr. Allen that he would reach an appreciative audience through *LaFollette's*. We likewise convinced him that our offer was in the nature of a very profitable "side line" to carry on his journey. He accepted it.

During the coming year, therefore, a new feature will be added to *LaFollette's*. George Hoyt Allen will write a series of sketches, in his own unique and entertaining style, about his travels among the people of the Orient. We hope our family of readers will enjoy them. We think you will. We shouldn't give them to you if we didn't.

We asked Mr. Allen to send us the story of his career so we could introduce him properly to our readers. He replied in so characteristic a vein that we have decided to print his letter. Read what he says about himself and see if you don't think this man will have some interesting stories to tell after he gets started on his journey.—**EDITOR'S NOTE.**

They wanted my picture to put on the front cover of that issue too. There's some class to the boys who occupy *that* space. Roosevelt, Taft, Pinchot and that bunch. So I sent them the cockiest photograph I had of myself. The one I thought looked the most like an author (if I don't look like an eminent duck it isn't because I didn't try to look like one in that picture) and they put me there pretty nearly as big as life and just as cocky. On the next page is a reproduction of that front cover. I had the cut made necessarily for publication right there and as a guarantee of good faith. When I saw that issue of *LaFollette's* I said, "Gee! am I getting famous?" I want to call your particular attention to the fact that they dubbed me a "humorist" along with the other names they called me on that cover.

La Follette's

WEEKLY MAGAZINE

"YE SHALL KNOW THE TRUTH AND THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE"

VOL. II, NO. 8.

MADISON, WISCONSIN.

MARCH 5, 1910.



GEORGE HOYT ALLEN

Manufacturer, Importer, Traveler, Humorist, Writer, Who Will Entertain the Readers of La Follette's
During the Coming Year With a Series of Stories About his Trip Around the World

AROUND THE WORLD

You'll find it in the small type under the "George Hoyt Allen." I have an object in calling your attention to that word "humorist."

At any time in your perusal of these pages when you're in doubt on this point you can turn back to page 15 and reassure yourself.

Well, there it was and I had to stand for it. Whether a man is a humorist or not is largely a case of imagination anyway. Years ago Eph Spinks went all the way from a little town in New Hampshire to Boston to hear Mark Twain lecture. By mistake he strayed into a hall where a Harvard professor was lecturing on astronomy, so he didn't hear Mark lecture at all but thought he did. When he got back to his native town he met his friend Josh White.

Josh said, "So ye've been daown to Boston, Eph, to hear Twain lecture, have ye?"

"Yep" Eph said.

"Did ye hear him?"

"Yep."

"Wor he funny?"

"Wall, yes, he wor funny but he warn't so gosh darn funny."

In the following chapters of this book will be set forth the sketches I wrote for *LaFollette's* on my business trip around the world, together with notes and emendations and some other letters.

II

SEVEN HOURS IN HAWAII

Honolulu, May 17, 1910.

Witness me, on the 30th of last month, leaving my happy home in Clinton and starting out to lead a double life—an erstwhile respectable business man—now business man and “literary cuss.” You’re to blame.

If I don’t play the bull in the China shop and bust some rare old bric-a-brac trying to get away with this literary jag you’ve loaded me up with on this business trip around the world, it will be because your scholarly managing editor is on to his job, and even with him doing his best there is bound to be some crockery broken.

Those of your readers who rather enjoy seeing things go smash—in the other fellow’s China shop—can get aboard and I’ll tow ‘em around.

I have been seventeen days closing the gap between Clinton and this town. My ship tied up to the dock at ten this morning and she sails for Japan this afternoon at five, and I sail with her.

Seven hours to lead a “double life” in Hawaii!

I can’t cut much ice at steeping my soul in crime at the literary end if I do justice to what I’m really out for—hustlin’ for business.

The farmer’s boy who gave the settin’-hen forty-seven eggs to cover “just to see the old fool spread herself,” may have been funny, but today my sympathies lie with the hen.

AROUND THE WORLD

I was the first man down the gang plank this morning and went ranging through Honolulu. No old hen with forty-seven eggs to cover, off her nest to fill her crop, was ever busier than myself. I button-holed everyone I met, who looked intelligent, for information about these islands. I've got data enough for any "literary feller" to make good with, if I could only get it out of my system as the natives poured it into me.

The first fellow I clucked up to looked like a poet, and I guess he was, all right. He had long hair and dreamy eyes, and as near as I can recall his words to mind he said:

"When the world was in the making, the Creator kissed these fair isles and flung them into the shimmering sea, the very Eden spot of earth. Here biting cold and blighting heat ne'er come. The islands' shores are bathed in warm and limpid seas of emerald, turquoise, and chalcedony hues, the while their mountains' brows are cooled with soft and soothing snows. Eternal summer zephyrs fan their meadows, dales and hills, while o'er them all in moods of bursting love the heavens weep in sweet refreshing showers."

(I butted in right there to ask: "Did they do it nights and Sundays so the hired man could rest?")

"No deadly serpents here. In all these favored isles no snake nor wild ferocious beast. Here noxious insects are unknown: nor poisoned herb, nor plant, nor vine, have ever taken root, and the natives of these isles are gentle, kind, and hospitable to a fault."

Gee whiz! It sounded good to me, and I'm sun-dazed if the islands don't look the part; and I learn that my poet friend wasn't joshing but telling me the truth. I could have listened to his talk all day, but with forty-seven eggs a-cooling I had to cluck along. The next to fall afoul my path was a different stamp of man. Compared with my gentle poet he was a kind of sordid sort. Shouldn't wonder if he dealt in real estate, or he may have been a politician.

SEVEN HOURS IN HAWAII

"Say! my friend," he said, as he caught me by a wing so I couldn't get away, "these islands are the only place on earth in which to live, if you really want to know."

"From the states, eh? Want your information right off the bat—at first hand—not what you read in books."

"Say, you're in luck in striking me. I know these islands from Kauai to Hawaii. When, twelve years ago, come next July, the United States reached out and picked us for her own, as one would pick a ripe and juicy piece of fruit, without a drop of bloodshed, just looked at us and said 'you're ours,' she didn't pick a lemon—not much—however you may feel back there in the states about some of the other fruit on Uncle Sam's out-hanging branches."

"We're not so big in territory—about the size of the State of New Jersey—but do you know that for the fiscal year of 1908, the Honolulu Custom House collected over \$1,500,000, and that the revenue from our Post-office was over \$75,000! That a total of \$1,700,000 went into the Federal Treasury from Hawaii, and that all we cost the government for that period was \$380,000! All the available appropriations you have given us for new light-houses and harbor improvements, which are of international rather than local importance, amount to a little over \$1,000,000. There is another appropriation of \$850,000 for a Federal building for Honolulu, but all the appropriations yet made or provided for by Congress are more than equalled by two years' revenue from the territory. Of course, these figures don't include the expenditures for fortifications and naval station at Pearl Harbor, which, while important for Hawaii, are also of vital importance to the whole United States."

"Furthermore, do you know,"—and here he caught me by both wings and backed me up under a royal palm,—"we bought nearly \$16,000,000 worth of merchandise from the mainland last year. There are not so many of us; only about 200,000 in all the islands, and about 45,000 of these in Honolulu. Over half our population are Orientals. Of the balance, about two-



"HE BACKED ME UP AGAINST A ROYAL PALM."

SEVEN HOURS IN HAWAII

fifths are Europeans, two-fifths Hawaiians, full blood and half caste, and one-fifth American, but we export from these islands \$42,000,000 of merchandise per annum—mostly sugar—but we are climbing up on fruits, coffee, hides, wool and lumber."

I gave a squawk—and he loosed his grip. I ducked loose and went clucking on my way, and found a star-eyed, rapid-fire stenographer. She's catching this stuff right off the bat and will have it typed for me to mail to you before I sail. Her charms, 'twould take my quondam friend the poet to rightly sing ("go on, go on, fair maid, don't stop to blush, those eggs are getting chilled").

And now, adieu! I'll sing nor sin no more, but put in the four hours that's left to me at the other end of my "double life." My sordid soul yearns for a little share of that \$16,000,000.

My next stop is Yokohama. You will hear from me in Japan if my ship don't sink!

III

A VOYAGE AT SEA

THE ROUND-THE-WORLD CORRESPONDENT NOT A DEEP SEA WRITER. BUT HE HAD A LOVELY TIME AND GAINED TEN POUNDS—AND WHEN LAST HEARD FROM HE WAS GOING WEST. THE PICTURES AND EXPLANATORY NOTES MENTIONED IN HIS POSTSCRIPT ARE PUBLISHED HEREWITH.

Pacific Ocean, May 17, 1910.

I can't conceive of a job that's harder for a fellow to get down to, than to write up a voyage at sea. I'd never attempt it if it wasn't to link this round-the-world literary jag into a symmetrical whole.

Well, to make a start—

“A voyage at sea is made in a boat”—

Say, there's no hurry about this thing. That start don't just please me. While I've no fear of anyone disputing the accuracy of the statement—no fear of being accused of plagiarism, there don't seem to be much snap to it. There's no use spoiling the story with a poor get-a-way. I've got twelve days to write up this voyage. We left Honolulu today and won't get to Yoko-

A. VOYAGE AT SEA

hama for twelve days. I'll tackle this thing tomorrow, I'll make a brilliant start tomorrow.

"May 18—Four hundred miles out of Honolulu, going West. There is nothing so restful as a voyage at sea——"

Psh! that's punk. I'll start this thing tomorrow.

"May 19—Seven hundred and fifty miles West from Honolulu. Our good ship is ploughing the briny——"

Oh, rats! I'll start this thing to-morrow.

"May 20—Eleven hundred miles West of Honolulu——"

I'm wanted on deck—I'll start this thing tomorrow.

"May 23—Westward, our good ship holds to her course——"

Oh, say! I've got five more days before we land at Yokohama to write up this voyage. Somehow, I don't seem to have any inspirations. But there's really no hurry—I've got five more days."

Yokohama, May 28.

We've just dropped anchor in Yokohama harbor. Everybody wild to get ashore.

It was understood when I agreed to write these sketches on this round-the-world business trip that the literary end of this "double life" was not to interfere with my business. I've been busier than a boy catching grasshoppers ever since we left San Francisco.

I'm no deep sea writer, anyway. If I'm anything of a specialist at this writing business I'm a—I'm a *land writer*. I've had a lovely time and gained ten pounds—and a ton of good resolutions to make good when I get on land.

P. S. A number of the passengers have taken some snapshots and flashlight pictures on this voyage. They have had them printed on shipboard and presented me with a handful. I enclose a few, with explanatory notes on the backs of them, together with these really noble efforts I've made to start a beautiful description of a voyage at sea. I'll mail them as soon as I get ashore.



At a ball given on shipboard my fair partner and myself took first prize in the cake walk.



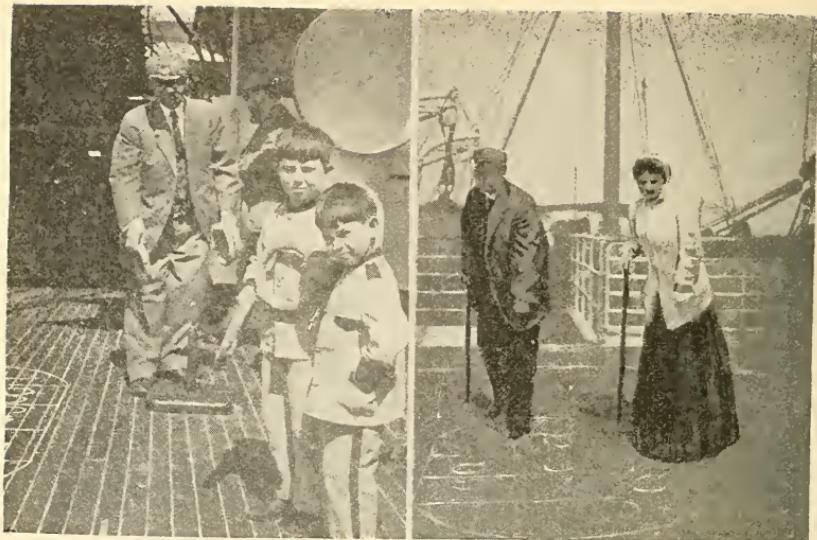
And they said I wasn't so rotten in the two-step.



At a masquerade ball given a few days later, I came out as
"Foxy Grandpa."



I've helped the mothers with their kids—



played the regulation games on deck,—



taken a daily plunge in the swimming tank,—



shot clay pigeons from the poop deck,—



and on rainy, windy days, there was work inside to do.

IV

IN THE LAND OF THE MIKADO

Kobe, Japan, June 3, 1910.

I have now been in Japan six days. My Japanese friends all seem glad to see me. They are quite able to distinguish between a globe trotter and a regular patron. The globe trotter is their legitimate prey. He is here today and gone tomorrow, probably never to return.

“Pluck him, and pluck him clean, while he is going through,” is not exclusively a Japanese doctrine, but they are an exceedingly quick witted lot, and that doctrine is pretty well recognized by my friends, the Japs. They look at the fellow who comes and comes again from a different angle, and, as time goes by, they more and more recognize the wisdom of commerical honesty. After a while they may even include the globe trotter.

But that is asking considerable. The average globe trotter is an easy mark, and carries his target so invitingly displayed that it would seem out of the order of things not to take a crack at him.

Americans in coming to Japan for the first time look upon her railroads as a joke—and so they are. But they are the people's joke. The cars, compared with ours, are little, light, dinky affairs, and the average speed on express trains is fifteen miles an hour. But that is fast enough to suit the Japs. They feel that they get more for their money if they are a long time on the road. When a fast train was put on between Tokyo and Yoko-

IN THE LAND OF THE MIKADO

hama to cater to the foreign trade, bringing those two cities, eighteen miles apart, within an hour of each other, the Japanese objected to paying the extra price charged for riding on these "fast" trains. They insisted that the price should be *reduced* on that train, as it took less time to make the journey. The last thing the Oriental will savvy is the value of time. And the trains *do* arrive—in time. To "arrive" is the Oriental's chief aim in his scheme of things. In the case of the railroads in Japan the traveling public "arrives" in two ways. They get there—in time—and they have some money left at their destination. They have first, second, and third class. The chief difference between first and second class is the price. First class is nearly double second. The royal family and globe trotters use first class. Second class corresponds with our regular day coach and costs one cent a mile. Third class, used by the great majority of the traveling public, costs about 60 per cent. of second class. Merchandise is moved on a correspondingly advantageous basis. Express companies in Japan are not gilded excuses for charging extortionate rates for moving merchandise. The moving of merchandise by rail in Japan, in either large or small packages, in slow or quick time, is all one business—transportation business—owned and operated by the government. And there are no Pullman or Wagner sleeping car companies in Japan. The dining and sleeping cars are a part of the railroad business.

The hotel business in Japan is not operated by the government. Those hotels which are run to cater to the foreign and globe trotting trade are run by very enterprising individuals, and the prices charged give one a home-like feeling. Rates are from \$3.00 to \$8.00 per day. But the cost of a meal in a dining car on the slow railroads is a joke—a real humorous joke, and one greatly enjoyed by the people.

I inclose the bill of fare which was laid before me in the dining car coming from Yokohama to Kobe. You will see it's printed in both Japanese and English. The prices on the bill are in sen.

獻 立

Menu.

TABLE D'HÔTE

朝食御一人前 (料理二皿麵麺珈琲付) VEN .50
BREAKFAST (2 courses with Tea or Coffee)

晝食御一人前 (スープ共三皿菓子果物麵麺珈琲付)80
LUNCHEON (3 courses with dessert & Tea or Coffee)

夕食御一人前 (スープ共四皿菓子果物麵麺珈琲付) 1.00
DINNER (4 courses with dessert & Tea or Coffee)

(以下御好みの皿數御注文に應じ候) Á LA CARTE.

1	スープ	Soup18
2	フライド フィッシュ	Fried Fish18
3	ハム エッグス	Ham and Eggs25
4	オムレット	Omelet15
5	エッグス (ボイルド) 又ハ (フライド)	Eggs to order12
6	ビーフ ステーキ	Beef-steak25
7	シチュービーフ	Stewed Beef20
8	チキン カツレツ	Chicken Cutlets25
9	コール ビーフ	Cold Beef or Chicken25
10	カレー ライス	Curry and Rice18
11	ロール キャベージ	Rolled Cabbage20
12				
13				
14	プディング	Pudding15
15	サンドウ フィッシュ	Sandwich (per plate)	.20
16	紅茶 又ハ カフェ	Tea or Coffee07
17	菓子	Cake04
18	果物	Fruits06
19	パン 及 バター	Bread and Butter05



IN THE LAND OF THE MIKADO

カミホテ
神戸
列車食堂領收券
RECEIPT FORM

No. 105

43年6月2日 列車

●食堂車内ノ飲食料品及乗組員ノ取扱等ニ就キ御統管ノ廉有之候ハマ此御ノ御記入ノ上申告箱ハ各所慈善箱ノ御投入被下度候

	數 Quantity	圓 Yen	銭 Sen
スープ (Soup)			
フィッシュ (Fish)			
ビーフステーキ (Beef-steak)	1	25	
ロースビーフ (Roast Beef)			
チキンカツレツ (Chicken Cutlets)			
ロースチキン (Roast Chicken)			
ハムエッグス (Ham Eggs)			
ハムサラダ (Ham Salad)			
ヲムレット (Omelet)			
カレーライス (Curry Rice)			
パン (Bread)			
紅茶 咖啡 (Tea, Coffee)	1	7	
菓子 (Cake)			
果物 (Fruits)			
Rolled Cabbage	1	20	
正宗 (Sake)			
ウヰスキ一 (Whisky)			
ブランデー (Brandy)			
ベルモット (Vermouth)			
キリンビール (Beer)	1	17	
炭酸水 (Tansan)			
サイダー (Cider)			
煙草 (Cigars)	1	21	
上記之金額正ニ領收仕候也			40

MIKADO HOTEL DINING CAR

A sen is half a cent of our money. I also inclose the bill for a dinner, which I picked up in passing out of the diner. It is worthy of note that the cost of the "luxuries" of this meal, as listed from the top two-thirds of the way down the bill, exceeded by a few cents the cost of the "necessities" as noted on the lower third. Luxuries and necessities combined only amounted to 90 sen, or 45 cents.

I had a berth in a car like the one which was patented and operated by that enterprising gentleman, Mr. Pullman, now

AROUND THE WORLD

deceased, (the patent on whose car is long since expired, yet the American traveling public is still paying tribute to the defunct gentleman and his patent expired car). That berth cost me \$1.25. A berth in Mr. Pullman's (deceased) car at home for a like distance would have cost me \$2.50 or \$3.00, be the same more or less, but not less than \$2.50.

The railroads in Japan (a monarchy, not, presumably, a government of, for, and by the people) seem to suit the Japanese; and really that is what they are primarily built for—not for a few carping globe trotters and foreigners. There is only a handful of foreigners in Japan, anyway. The census of January, 1909, shows, foreigners in Japan, exclusive of Chinese, 6,802. Of those 3,471 were in Yokohama, 2,500 in Kobe, and in all the rest of the empire only 831. That same census shows 51,458,037 Japanese in Japan.

Mr. Jap "arrives" in other ways besides with his railroad. He gets there with his land. The total area of Japan is less by 20,000 square miles than that of Illinois, Iowa and Kansas together. Japan is exceedingly mountainous. The land that can be tilled does not exceed the area of Illinois. I have ridden past more alleged "worn out" farms in the United States than would equal the total tillable land in Japan. This same land in Japan was being tilled and cropped a thousand years before the ancestors of the owners of those "worn out" farms had ceased going around in breech cloths and hunting and warring with clubs, and for several thousand years before those interesting ancestors' descendants had discovered those now "worn out" farms. During the breech cloth and club period of us smart westerners, while our present "worn out" farms were lying fallow and gathering richness, Japan kept right on cropping her land, devoting herself to art and literature meanwhile, and she has kept it up ever since.

Today Japan has a population of fifty-one and a half million and yet this same land which she has tilled and cropped so long is not only supporting that vast population, but her exports for

IN THE LAND OF THE MIKADO

the year 1909 of food, drink, tobacco and silk—drawn from that soil—exceeded her imports of those four items by more than \$12,700,000.

In handling their land the enlightened Japanese have a theory and practice. So have we in America. But as compared with Japan, in this respect, we are a heathen nation. The Japanese reason that as mother earth supplies her children with food, and that as in the scheme of nature the earth requires food to perform such service, that the residue of the food which the earth supplies to man should be returned to the earth when man is through with it. Mother earth calls to man for her “quid pro quo” and the Japanese heed the call. But we have not yet learned to mind our mother. We prefer to rob the land and to pollute our streams and lakes, and also the fish along our sea coasts, and as a result annually to pay a frightful tribute in typhoid fever victims in support of *our* theory and practice.

There are, in some of our towns and villages at home, ordinances prohibiting the citizen from using “night soil” on his garden, but he may dig a cess-pool and contaminate his well. (The doctor and plumber must live, must they not?) Our census of 1900 shows a population of seventy-six million and deaths from typhoid fever for that year of 35,374. Japan’s census for 1908 shows a population of forty-nine and a half million, and deaths from typhoid fever for that year of only 5,404. With a population in 1900 only one and one-half times larger than Japan’s in 1908, we had nearly seven typhoid fever victims to Japan’s one. Learn nature’s ways and work with her and she’s a genial dame, but rob and outrage her and you’ll get what’s coming to you every time.

Before going to press with this book I wrote the Census Bureau at Washington for mortality statistics for census of 1910. They replied that they were not yet available. The census of 1900 shows an appalling increase in deaths in the United States from typhoid fever (which is only one of the diseases attributable directly to tainted drinking water and food) in each 100,000 of population, over deaths from same cause as shown by census of 1890.

AROUND THE WORLD

Of course, certainly, why not?

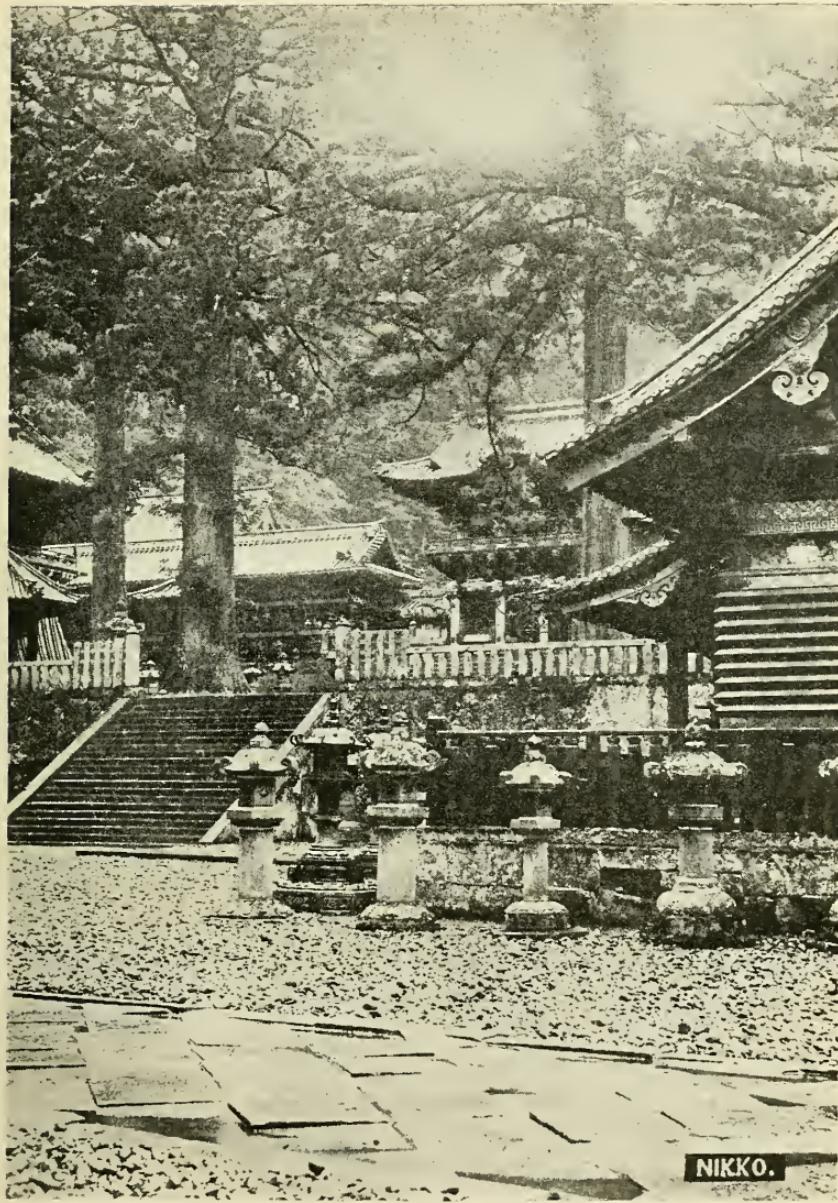
Our cess-pools (our lakes and rivers) grow no larger, nor can they; but the increase in population places a greater strain on them, and their menace to public health increases and will continue to do so until we become enlightened enough to heed nature's demands and learn some way to give her back her own, and *stop* dumping into our drinking water the material which nature calls for, with this promise: "Give me back my own and with my wondrous alchemy I'll turn it into golden grain to feed my hungry children, and at the same time lift the scourge your heedless ignorance forces me to lay on you." With all our boasted civilization we are only a monstrous ostrich, with our heads in the sand, fooling ourselves with the idea that we are out of danger if we can get our sewage out of sight; and we turn a blessing into a menace and a curse, and fill the air with our yapping cries of the high cost of living.

James Hill says that the high cost of living is due to under production of food. I think myself that Mr. Hill is right. That's one of the causes, aided and abetted by others that James wasn't mentioning. In return for our sending missionaries over here to teach the Japanese the way of life, before the world has run its course the Japanese may have to send missionaries to us to teach us how to hang on and live.

I put in last Wednesday at Nikko. That's one of the show places of Japan. Noted for its temples, mountain scenery, cedar trees and carved and lacquer work. It's a strenuous task to leave Tokyo and "make" Nikko and get back to Tokyo all in one day. As I only had a day to do it in I did it in a day—a ninety mile journey from Tokyo. Arose at the seasonable hour of 4.30—came within an hour and a half of carrying me back to the days of Brindle and the farm. A rickshaw boy took me a 45-minute ride through Tokyo to catch a 5.45 train, and it took five hours to travel that ninety miles.

The winter rice is being harvested and the land prepared for the summer crop. The number of bushels of grain they take from an acre of land in Japan would open the eyes of an American farmer.

I had to rush to get through with Nikko. Arrived at 10.30 and had to leave at 5.30 that afternoon. I got through with my business at 2.30 and then started out to do the tourist act, to get material with which to redeem my promise—to make good at



NIKKO.

"BEAUTIFUL TEMPLES AT NIKKO."

AROUND THE WORLD

this literary stunt as soon as I could shake that shipboard crowd. Beautiful temples in Nikko, the finest in Japan, and nowhere else on earth have I ever seen such a stand of timber, so many splendid trees growing so closely together!



"SPLENDID TREES GROWING SO CLOSELY TOGETHER."

It cost 80 sen for a ticket to go through the temples. In the largest one the Buddhist priest had seemingly done a rushing trade, selling visitors sacred wine, and he evidently trusted the populace. He was nowhere in sight, but the result of the day's business, pennies, silver pieces and bills, were scattered over the floor in front of the altar. His wine cups and pitcher were setting on the floor at one side. The pitcher was empty. My guide told me that the priest had probably gone to get more wine, that he would be back presently, and that I could get a drink for 10 sen if I desired. I didn't desire. We had climbed pretty well up the mountain side to get to the temples and my time was limited. Only had two hours to do the temple stunt

IN THE LAND OF THE MIKADO

from the time of starting, so I told my guide we would push along

The next temple we came to (those temples are in a cluster, some of them a couple of rods apart) was the temple of the dancing girls. The temple was open at the side, and sure enough there were the "girls"—three sweet-faced old nuns, dressed in flowing white silk gowns. "Do they really dance?" I asked. He said they would for 20 sen. I came to the center with 20 sen quicker than I can write it and those dear old ladies danced for me. They call it dancing. I would call it a motion prayer. A graceful swaying of the body, a fan in one hand, a cluster of old-fashioned sleigh-bells in the other—the horse chestnut shape kind, such as we call "a string of bells." The bells were jangled very slowly, at intervals, and the fans were gracefully manipulated.

From another temple, which was closed, emerged a priest, and he was after some of the foreigner's money. He had a prayer to sell. He stood at a corner of his temple, on a narrow piazza, and showed his wares. He unrolled about six feet of wall paper with a section of curtain roller at one end. On that wall paper was a picture of some Shogun, and above the picture the Shogun's prayer, in Japanese characters. In his other hand he held a little white paper dodger on which was printed the prayer in English. He wanted a yen—that's fifty cents in our money—for the two. I read the prayer. It was a good prayer. I wanted to buy the prayer without the wall paper. The Shogun's picture didn't appeal to me. The priest wouldn't sell that way. He said the two had to go together. So I left them together. If he hasn't sold that prayer to some globe trotter, with the Shogun's picture for a chromo, he still has them.

The great event of the day was yet to come, and my time was getting short. Three hundred stone steps up the mountains, side, from where we stood, is the grave of Shogun Ieyasu. He was buried there three hundred years ago. No special correspondent for any magazine on earth ever started out with a better or more determined intention to visit a Shogun's grave than

AROUND THE WORLD

your own. It was a hot day, but I pushed ahead and made one hundred of those stone steps. The walk is walled in on both sides, beautiful moss-and-lichen-covered walls, and such beautiful trees—such noble trees on each side, and so many of them! Two hundred more steps yet to go, and my time was getting shorter,—and it was hot, so hot!

I leaned against one of those lovely walls and mopped my brow. Two ladies coming down turned a corner in the walk. They were Americans, and as they were passing me I accosted them.

“Beg pardon, ladies,” I said, “but have you been up stairs?”

The more sprightly one exclaimed, “Have we been up stairs? If you refer to climbing this mountain, up those interminable steps, simply as ‘up stairs,’ we *have* been up stairs.”

“Yes?” I said. “Shogun Ieyasu is buried up top side. Mr. Ieyasu was no relative of mine but I started out to sweat at his grave. “The fact is,” I said, “I am not a regular tourist. I am a business man, over here in Japan on business, and I’m doing a little corresponding for *LaFollette’s Magazine*,” (here I proudly handed them my card on which is printed in the lower left corner, “Special correspondent for *LaFollette’s Magazine*.” I always spring that card when I want to ask a favor or make an impression.) “My train leaves in an hour,” I continued, “and it don’t seem possible for me to carry out my laudable intention. If you could assure me that the Shogun is resting quietly, and that everything seems to be all right up there, I’ll report the fact to the magazine, make my train, and thank you kindly, ladies.”

They assured me that everything was “just lovely” around the Shogun’s grave, and as everything was “just lovely” everywhere else around Nikko I hereby report:

“June 1st, 1910, at Shogun Ieyasu’s grave, Nikko, Japan.—Up three hundred steps. Shogun resting quietly. Everything lovely. Everybody satisfied.”

IN THE LAND OF THE MIKADO

I thanked the ladies for helping me in this matter, and after a few minutes of delightful conversation I excused myself and



SACRED BRIDGE AT NIKKO.

made a rush for my train.

I got my ticket and was nicely settled in my seat when the Japanese gentleman I had been doing business with came rushing in with a splendid lunch. There would be no chance of getting anything to eat before reaching my hotel, at Tokyo, at 11.30, and that meant no supper unless I put up with native chow along the line,—raw fish and rice eaten with chopsticks. There was no dining car on that train. My friend knew this, and knowing how averse foreigners are to native chow, served at railway stations, he had thoughtfully and kindly brought the lunch which he had procured at the hotel for foreigners. I ate that lunch, pulled off my coat, laid it on my grip for a pillow, and, in my shirt sleeves, stretched myself full length—the seats in Japanese cars are built so one can—and was dead to the world in

AROUND THE WORLD

blissful sleep until a little Japanese porter, about as big as I was in my shingle mill days, shook me gently and with many bows said, "Please, Tokyo next station where you get off." What a good thing it is to know "where you get off." Wish I knew where I was going to get off on this "double life" of mine. I know I am going to "saw off" now and get down to business. My Japanese banto is waiting to take me "off" to see some basket makers.

V.

A RICKSHAW RIDE

Japan, June 6, 1910.

Speaking of the horse—he is “a vain thing for safety,” and we “put bits in his mouth to guide him.” The gentleman who originally wrote the “hot stuff” quoted above, and whose name and fame have come thundering down the ages in consequence of first getting on paper (or parchment) chunks of wisdom of which the above is a fair sample, didn’t have the Japanese rickshaw boy in mind when he pushed his pencil to get off the truisms noted up topside.

Far be it from me to slander the horse. He is a noble beast, but a lot of bother. After you have fed him and cleaned him, watered him, backed him out of the stable, put on the breastplate, thrown back the back pad, got the crupper under his tail (in safety—I’m speaking of a *gentle* horse) buckled up the belly band, taken off his halter, put on his bridle (“open up there, won’t ye”) ran the buggy out of the barn, led the horse out to it, backed him in between the shafts, (carefully, best to say “whoa” and pull the buggy up to him—no danger of cracking a shaft that way) started a thill on one side, ducked around and started the other one, pulled up the buggy or backed him down, hooked on one trace, wound the breeching strap (“twice around and in the second hole”) whipped around and hooked on the other trace, wound the breeching strap on that side, buckled it, (“was it twice or three times around?”) ducked around to the other side to see—(“it *was* two”)—unbuckled it and taken

AROUND THE WORLD

off a lap and buckled it up again, buckled down the thills, snapped the reins on to the bit, taken down the lines, (careful not to cross 'em) cramped the buggy ("Whoa! stand still, won't ye?") got in, gathered up the lines—after you've done all that (you've washed and oiled the buggy and cleaned the harness the night before) all you get out of it is a ride—except when the horse takes fright at some trivial thing and runs away and breaks your neck; or, escaping death, (you get around on crutches in a month) you run the risk of losing your immortal soul ("the horse is a vain thing for safety") by passing him off onto the other fellow as "kind and gentle, sound so far as I know, and never did a mean trick in his life."

Now, the Japanese horse, the rickshaw boy, is different. All the above named details he does to himself and to his buggy. All you have to do is to step in. No bits in his mouth to steer him by—just a word at starting, naming destination, and he will turn a hundred corners without a thought or care on your part. No bothersome lines to get under the tail. No flies to make him kick. Indeed, there *are* no flies on the rickshaw boy. Failing to hitch him when you make a stop, you don't have to go looking him up when you want him again. Indeed, there are many cases on record of this Japanese "horse" looking up his master, loading him into his rickshaw and taking him home and putting him to bed.

I find myself in a rickshaw, behind a rickshaw boy, bowling along a country road, just out of Shidzuoka. The farmers are working in their rice paddies; everything is fresh and green and beautiful.

We come to a temple. My "horse" looks back to me and asks, "Will stop?" A nod of assent is all that is needed, and my "horse" and I go through the temple, and he goes through the form of worship, and shows me how the bell, hanging at the entrance, is rung to attract Buddha's attention to the worshipper. A five minute's stop and we are off again. The clouds obscure the tops of the mountains lying at our right. My horse travels

A RICKSHAW.RIDE

at a rapid trot. We have a point to make; he has agreed to make it at a certain hour, and we have lost a little time at the temple.

The clouds obscuring the mountains break in places and suddenly Fujiyami's peak bursts into view, at that particular moment, sunlight, clouds and snow-capped mountain all combining to make a scene of wondrous grandeur and beauty.

My coolie, my "horse," holds one shaft of the rickshaw with his left hand, and with not a shade of let-up to his rapid pace, turns sidewise, points his right hand toward the peak and says,



"FUJIYAMI! FUJIYAMI!"

AROUND THE WORLD

“Fujiyami! Fujiyami!” then faces back to his work, both hands now upon the shafts, and bends to his task. Not a fraction of a second has my “horse” lost as he turns to make sure that I have caught the sudden splendor of his sacred mountain bursting through the clouds.

I am thrilled, but not so much by Fujiyami, as by the act of my humble coolie in doing a horse’s work, losing not a second’s time in the hard run he has engaged to do, yet anxious that the sudden splendor of the scene shall not escape the notice of the load he hauls for hire—a stranger to him, a foreigner wandering through his land.

To tell it sounds most tame, but to experience it without a thrill—the man who could, would possess a peanut’s soul indeed—with apologies to the peanut.

A crowd of schoolboys just out of school are coming towards us—an exuberant lot of noisy boys. They see the foreigner approaching. Quickly they range along the narrow road, and, as I pass, their bodies bend in unison in a profound bow of greeting. Swiftly I roll along, while they break their ranks and scamper on their way, a jostling, happy, laughing crowd.

They might have said,—“Hey, Mister! Yer wheel is goin’ around,” and punctuated the information with a period in the shape of a chunk of dried mud, placed on the stranger’s anatomy wherever it chanced to hit. I have seen both methods of salutation by boys just out of school. Indeed, I confess with shame that (many, many years ago) I took part in one of the last named kind, and ate my meals standing for a day or two afterward, just because I got “told on.” I was not compelled to stand, but preferred it to sitting down.

Some years ago, through the courtesy of an Englishman here in Kobe, a little 45-ton steamer was placed at my disposal for a week’s cruise. I coaled and stocked her with provisions, hired a navigator, crew, cook and interpreter, and went sailing whither I would through the beautiful Inland Sea of Japan. I was “Captain Allen” on the bridge, and, with the stars and stripes gaily

A RICKSHAW RIDE

flying, sailed out of Kobe harbor. Up to that time the only ship I had ever commanded, and that but poorly, was a two-oared skiff (one soul aboard). My chest swelled with pride at that new command almost as much as it swells on occasions on this trip when I pass out my card with "Special correspondent for *LaFollette's*" printed on it. Sometimes when I haven't had a chance for an interval to spring that card, I take one out and go off by myself and look at it.

I steered my craft for—to me—unknown parts away from the beaten paths—away, away, under azure skies, in and out amongst beautiful islands, and when I gave command my ship would drop anchor, and my crew would lower a boat and pull me ashore to investigate a town, where a foreigner was such a curiosity that the streets would be packed with natives, to note his walk, and clothes, and color. They would follow closely on my heels, and when I would suddenly wheel to get a snap shot at them with my camera, they would turn and run as if I'd trained a Gatling gun on them, and, when they saw the harmless instrument, would sheepishly come back and gather round me.

In relating my experiences to a Japanese gentleman, both of us enroute to New York on our return from Japan, he said, "You were not molested nor insulted on your trip were you, Mr. Allen?" "Not at all," I replied, "I was most courteously treated wherever I went though received with great curiosity in some places." "No," he said, "you were not molested nor insulted, nor would you be, go where you might in Japan. But I have been stoned by hoodlums in Central Park in New York City because of my foreign dress and odd appearance." I changed the subject, as I always do when talking with my Japanese friends on Eastern versus Western manners.

I sail for Shanghai, Westward ho, today.

VI

JOHN CHINAMAN'S WHEELBARROW

Shanghai, China, June 11, 1910.

As you near the China coast, the mighty Yangstze mingles its waters with the sea and for twenty-five miles out turns it to a Xanthic hue. At the mouth of the Yangstze is Woosung, where ships of heavy draught for Shanghai anchor. Just above Woosung the Wong Poo enters the Yangstze, and twenty miles up the Wong Poo is Shanghai.

The sail up the Wong Poo, on the ship's tender, through a low, level country, is of no special interest aside from its river life.

Steamers of medium draught and Chinese junks enliven the scene. On each junk, large or small, at either side of its yawning mouth-shaped bow is a large bulging eye. The prominent eyes give the junk the appearance of a huge, outlandish fish with open mouth. To see one of these junks loaded with Chinese bearing down upon you, the quadrilateral-shaped sails ribbed with bamboo, looking for all the world like huge fins, with its high poop deck, its monstrous open jaws, staring eyes and pigtailed, swarthy passengers, gives you a creepy feeling—as if 'the Goblins would get ye,' if you didn't watch out.

Ask the Chinaman why he puts eyes on his ship and he comes nearer being a Yankee than I have ever seen him in any other circumstance. He answers your question by asking one. "No have eye, how can see? No can see, how can savvy?"

Why surely! Certainly! Of course!

That ought to settle any inquisitive Yankee seeking information. We move on and stop asking foolish questions. . . .

I came first to Shanghai eleven years ago. I had a disap-

JOHN CHINAMAN'S WHEELBARROW

pointment for a few minutes after landing. I had seen Shanghai roosters at home that could stand on the ground and eat corn off the top of a barrel. I hoped and expected to find Shanghai



"I CAME FIRST TO SHANGHAI."

roosters in Shanghai that could stand on the ground and eat corn off the top of a three story building. I not only saw no roosters of that kind running around Shanghai, I saw no roosters of any kind, and I was bitterly disappointed. I had set my heart—I didn't know how much till I got here—on seeing monster Shanghai roosters, a few at least, on every street. I fear I haven't a deep nature. I fear I am too effervescent, too volatile. I hadn't been in Shanghai ten minutes before I forgot my disappointment and giggled, (Think of a full grown man giggling, and that too, when he should have been mourning over the freshly slaughtered corpse of a childhood's dream!)

The Shanghai wheelbarrows did it. There is something funny about a normal wheelbarrow, when you stop to analyze it.

It isn't a buggy, nor a wagon, nor a gig, nor a chaise,

AROUND THE WORLD

nor a truck, nor an automobile, nor a bicycle. It hasn't a relative on earth in the vehicle world, and when one man wheels another down the street on a wheelbarrow, the object of the performance being to pay an election bet, it's a question with the spectators which one the joke is on—the fellow who is pushing the barrow, or the one who is getting the ride.

Now the Shanghai wheelbarrow is not a normal wheelbarrow, not by any means. If a wheelbarrow were not such a distinctive thing—so indelibly, unalterably and inalienably a wheelbarrow—the Shanghai wheelbarrow would not be a wheelbarrow at all. It would be something else.

The Shanghai wheelbarrow with its chauffeur is the most ambitious thing that ever rolled or walked. Now there was Caesar. He was *said* to be ambitious. And Xerxes and Hannibal and Alexander and Napoleon. Those boys were ambitious only in a way—when you know the Chink with his Shanghai wheelbarrow.

The thing that made me forget my bitter disappointment and

"THE THING THAT MADE ME FORGET MY BITTER DISAPPOINTMENT."

turned my winter of discontent into a rollicking summer of riotous mirth was the Shanghai wheelbarrows, with their loads of passengers and loads of merchandise.







JOHN CHINAMAN'S WHEELBARROW

The one in particular that made me forget my disappointment had on it a bed spring, a kitchen stove, a parlor suite, a bale of hay, a refrigerator, a parrot in a cage, a roll of carpet, four large dry goods boxes full of things, three large bags full of more things, a feather bed, a barrel of crackers, a tun of wine, a keg of beer, a pitch fork, a garden rake, a coil of hose, a saw buck, a buck saw, a box of kindling wood, a rolling pin, a kitchen table, a side board, ten dining chairs, a Chinese gong, a sewing machine, some barbed wire, a threshing machine, a fanning mill, a bull dog and a cow, a woman and ten fat jolly kids, a rip saw and a sow, a cradle, a—no, I will not tell a lie, there was *not* a piano on that load—and a brave, noble, courageous, dauntless, enduring, patient, valiant, *ambitious* Chink was pushing it along. No, I will not tell a lie, there was not a piano on that load, but if the owner of all these goods and chattels had suggested it the Chinaman would have said, "Maskee, all same same, put her on."

Now a Shanghai wheelbarrow's wheel reaches heavenward. Its handles extend East and West and stretch away to the South. It has wings but no sides—that is no sides that were made with hands. The only sides recognized by this ambitious combination of wheelbarrow and Chink, when loading, are the boundless West on the left and the limitless East on the right.

I find no fault with speaking of Alexander and those other alleged ambitious boys as being ambitious. I only ask that they be kept in their class and not mentioned in connection with the Shanghai wheelbarrow and the China boy who runs it. If one of these latter really set out to put on a *load*, after he had piled on to his wheelbarrow everything there is—after everything on earth that's loose, together with everything that's spiked down, was all loaded on to his barrow—do you think *he* would sit down and cry because there were no more worlds to conquer? Not on your life! He'd blandly reach up and pluck a comet and use its tail for a binder.

I was so impressed with the Shanghai wheelbarrow that I im-

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mediately, forthwith, straightway, at once, went out and purchased one. It cost me only three gold dollars. I had to have it boxed up to ship it home. Owing to the elevation of the wheel and the spraddle and length of its handles it took a box as big to enclose it as the smoke house where we used to cure hams back on the farm. The box cost me ten dollars, the freight fifteen, also 35 per cent advalorem duty on the first cost of three dollars, and the ready one at figures will at once gather that it cost me \$29.05 landed in Clinton.

It is worth the money, but I have to handle it with discretion. Anyone who comes to my house is privileged to look at the curious things I have gathered from the ends of the earth. I'll knock off digging potatoes or mowing hay any time—and glad of the excuse—to show and explain them to *anyone*. All but that Shanghai wheelbarrow. Only to personages of the greatest distinction will I exhibit *that*, in the manner of the first-class as hereinafter described. Not because I have a snobbish disposition, and would say to one of goodly raiment and fair fame, "Sit thou here on my front porch while I have brought forth and show to thee in motion my Shanghai wheelbarrow," and to another of shabby clothes and lowly walk, "Go thou into my parlor and look at and play with my rare satsuma,"—I *hope* I am not that kind of a man, but the most delicate of all problems, the labor problem, has to be dealt with. If the hired girl problem is a delicate one, the hired man problem is more so.

I used to sit on my front porch, among my guests, and give orders for the Shanghai wheelbarrow to be wheeled out from the barn on to the driveway for exhibition. Just called out to the man to go and get it, and then went back to my guests. I lost Michael and Patrick and Timothy and John and Mathew and Peter—good fellows too. They resigned! I didn't ask them to put so much as an empty basket on it, only to wheel out the empty barrow, push it around a bit, and wheel it back into the barn. If the Tzar of Russia and Kaiser Wilhelm and King George get off their thrones and journey over seas to come to my



"THEY RESIGNED."

AROUND THE WORLD

humble home to see my Shanghai wheelbarrow, I'll take a chance on losing the excellent man whose services I now enjoy, by having it wheeled out while I stand by and explain the thing in motion. But anyone of lesser fame will have to go out to the barn with me, where we will look it over and discuss its points.

Often, when things pile up and life looks hard to me, I go out to the barn, alone, and look at my Shanghai wheelbarrow, and I think of the wheelbarrow chauffeurs over here in Shanghai, and I'm ashamed of even thinking of discouragement, and I am strengthened, and edified, and built up. I've made some foolish investments in my time but never for a minute have I felt that way about my Shanghai wheelbarrow.

VII

HOW THE PARSON'S PRAYER AND SOUP GOT MIXED—ALMOST

Shanghai, China, June 12, 1910.

I shall hunt up a new hotel on my next trip to Shanghai. I have always stopped and am stopping today in Shanghai at a hotel which is very prosperous. They have made a lot of money. The very name of the hotel is suggestive of millions. But they mistook me this trip for a globe trotter.

At tiffin yesterday I ordered a glass of milk in place of coffee. They don't know how to make coffee out here. At dinner last night my table boy brought me a "chit" to sign which read, "1 glass milk 15c," and he explained that it was for the glass of milk I ordered at tiffin.

Hotels in the Orient are universally run on the American plan—a flat rate for room and meals.

A bill, or memorandum, or letter, or note, or an I. O. U., is called a "chit" out here. If you order cigars or liquors at meals the table boy brings you a "chit" to sign for these extras.

I didn't sign that "chit."

I turned it over and wrote this "chit" on its back:

"June 11, 1910. Dear sir: I am paying \$9.00 a day at this hotel for room and meals. Will "chits" for bread, butter and potatoes ordered with my meals also be presented? I trust you are doing well in the Orient. Wishing you a Merry Christmas and a happy and prosperous New Year, and hoping you will send by the bearer an answer to the above question, because I want

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to know, you know, I beg to remain, Truly yours."

I didn't sign my name to it. My name would have been endorsed on the "chit" if I had, and the hotel would have collected for the milk. I called the table boy to me, who had been watching the strange proceeding, and said, pointing to the manager's name on the bill of fare, "Boy, my wantchee you takee this chit to number one. You talkee he, Mellican man, in room 82, wantchee answer, chop chop. You bringee back answer. Savvy?"

"My savvy," the boy replied, and he started off with that double barrelled "chit" to do my bidding. Give a table boy in China an errand to do and he will do it if it's in the realm of human possibilities to perform. I had gotten down to cheese and crackers when he came back and said, "Number One talkee, you no needee sign". I was glad to know that I didn't have to sign that "chit." I'd have been taken with an acute attack of writer's cramp if I had. But I change my hotel next trip. When they take me for a globe trotter it's time to make a change.

Speaking of "writer's cramp" have you sprung that notice on your readers yet? It was due with my last article from Japan. You'll notice, though, that I took no chances. I wrote about Fujiyami's peak and not about its base.

I sail today for Foo Chow, down the China coast and up the Min River.

Foo Chow, China, June 16, 1910.

Foo Chow is a tea town, noted also for its lacquer and brass ware and its grotesque carved images. The first time I came to Foo Chow I was homesick for a little while. Foo Chow has a million inhabitants and is built something on the plan of New York, *i.e.*, it has outlying "burgs" like Hoboken and Jersey City.

At that time "Hoboken" was placarded to kill all the foreigners in the port of Foo Chow—to annihilate them. There were about 150 foreigners in the port at that time.

I was dropped into the port of a summer's morn by a Chinese

THE PARSON'S PRAYER AND SOUP

trading vessel, which sailed away. There wasn't another ship leaving for twelve days.

I learned on the next morning after my arrival of the excitement over in "Hoboken." I wasn't half as anxious that morning to buy rare old Foo Chow curios as I was to get a ship out of Foo Chow for Shanghai. I was going East that trip. But there was nothing doing in departures for Shanghai, up the coast, or to Hong Kong, down the coast, and the only way to get out of Foo Chow was by boat.

On that second morning, Dr. Gracy, our Consul at Foo Chow, took the American flag together with a retinue of the attaches of the consulate, and went over to "Hoboken" and sent word to the mandarin of that part of Foo Chow to call upon him. Incidentally he mentioned in his message that he would give the mandarin fifteen minutes to pay his respects.

The mandarin got around in eight minutes—seven minutes to spare. Gracy told the mandarin that he, Gracy, was the United States of America, and requested that the placards stuck up around "Hoboken," advising that the foreigners in the port of Foo Chow be exterminated, be taken down, and that in their places other placards be posted advising that the foreigners should *not* be exterminated.

Mr. Mandarin said, "Can do."

I didn't see Dr. Gracy as he held converse with that mandarin. I heard of it on the evening of the day on which it took place. But I'll bet Dr. Gracy looked like George Washington crossing the Delaware, with the American flag in evidence. I can't think of anything looking braver than that—if I could I'd imagine Dr. Gracy looking like it.

Dr. Gracy is a rare man. It's only occasionally you meet up with such an one.

The Doctor is not an M.D. He is a Doctor of Divinity. I learned that he was this kind of a Doctor in a way which came pretty near being embarrassing to me. The devotional attitude a Doctor of Divinity assumes at times, together with a large

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boquet of flowers, and possibly a certain ability on my part to look and act as if I were doing something else instead of the thing I *was* doing, saved me, but it was a close shave.

On this visit to Foo Chow of which I am writing, my mail had been sent in care of our consul. Arriving in Foo Chow I immediately asked: "Who is our consul and where is he at?" I was told that Dr. Gracy was the consul and where to find him. Of course, being a total stranger in these parts, I didn't know what kind of a Doctor was Dr. Gracy. I only knew that they called him "Dr. Gracy." When I went for my mail, Dr. Gracy kindly invited me to dine with him on a certain evening at the consulate.

Dinner in the far East is always a good deal of a function. The American consulate in Foo Chow is a mansion, cared for by a retinue of some forty servants. Arriving at the consulate, to keep that dinner date, I was ushered into a large and magnificently furnished dining room. The table was spread with snowy linen. In the center of the table was a tremendous boquet of beautiful flowers. The table was spread for but two. At each plate wine glasses were arranged in varying heights from high ones down to low ones.

The Doctor explained to me that we would dine alone. He was alone at the consulate for the time, his family being away at a summer resort. A splendid type of Chinese servant brought me a plate of soup. The Doctor was likewise served. In the far East, at a foreigner's house (aside from a missionary's), at this juncture in the function I am describing, it's a safe bet that the next move is to eat.

Behind that large, magnificent boquet, so large that we could not see each other's hands, the Doctor's body sort o' swayed. I interpreted the motion to mean but one thing—a dive for the soup.

Automatically my mouth opened as a spoonful of my soup approached it. But the Doctor wasn't eating soup, he was saying grace. Never before in my experience did spiritual and phys-

THE PARSON'S PRAYER AND SOUP

ical food come so near getting mixed. I closed my mouth quick —like a steel trap, but noiselessly. Slowly, and reverently, I lowered that spoon full of soup, and bored that superior Chinese servant (who was taking it all in) with a stern and stony side-wise stare which said, "I always do it this way when grace is being asked." And then I bowed my head. I didn't take any chances in lifting it too quickly, either.

After the amen had had ample time to travel around that bouquet twice I looked over the top of those flowers and said, "Doctor, are you a Doctor of Divinity or a sawbones doctor? Outside of a missionary's home, today is the first time I have heard a blessing asked at meat in the East, and I can assure you it sounds good to me."

The doctor told me that the ministry had been his line prior to taking the Foo Chow consulship. A Massachusetts man, failing health, a friend at court, and this station in the East.

"They told me when I came here," the doctor said, "That I couldn't run it on 'Puritanical lines'—for instance, that I couldn't successfully run a consulate in the East without serving wine at dinners. You will find wine glasses at your right, Mr. Allen. The servants put them there for decoration, but you will find no wine served at my table, nor has there ever been or will there be."

A grand old man is Dr. Gracy. Health came back and he still holds down this post. I find him out of town this trip. Please send him a copy of the *LaFollette's* that tells this story.

To get back to those placards, I was glad to learn that they were changed. I never did hanker to be exterminated. Particularly not by Chinese methods. They have so many funny ways of doing it. One way is to dig a pit and stand a fellow in it like a fence post, with his clothes on, and with his head just above ground. Then they tamp quicklime in around him and give him all the water he will drink. This plan of doing away with a fellow is very trying in hot weather, and in July, in Foo

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Chow, (it was July when Dr. Gracy told the mandarin to change the placards), the mercury in the thermometer is a cousin to the Shanghai wheelbarrow boys—mighty ambitious. It climbs and climbs and climbs, absolutely nothing but the top satisfies it. The man who has been used like a fence post, in July, in Foo Chow, with quicklime tamped in all around him good and tight, would perspire freely,—indeed that is the intention in this mode of extermination. The perspiration slakes the lime and it's a most distressing way to be exterminated.

If a million Chinese should really get started to exterminate 150 foreigners, there's no telling just how they might go about it. They feel that they "owe the foreigner's one." If they chose that fence-post-lime-combination on a few, I'll bet it would be my luck to draw a ticket for that way, if I happened to be mixed up in the deal. Anyway, I was glad the excitement didn't spread. I got away from the port that time with twenty tons of curios and I am back here again today. There's no excitement here now. They are busy with the tea crop.

I have finished my business here and sail for Hong Kong to-night.

VIII

BEAUTIFUL HONG KONG AND GRUESOME CANTON

Hong Kong, China, June 18, 1910.

Hong Kong has a beauty all its own. It is not like any other place I have ever seen. It is built on the side of a mountain, and suggests Gibraltar; but Gibraltar is plain, tame and commonplace in beauty and interest compared with Hong Kong.

Imagine a land-locked bay dotted with ships from every corner of the globe riding at anchor; native sampan boats crowding the shores and others threading their way across the bay between the larger craft; on the water's edge a splendid city of massive well-built stone and brick business blocks, office buildings and hotels; well-paved streets of macadam; the city extending up the mountain's side for a space, the streets in its level portion on the water's edge, three or four streets back from the bund, or water front, crowded with rickshaws darting to and fro, evading the trolley and the sedan chairs, the latter with their fares coming down from or on their way up to the hilly part of the city, or to the mansions upon the mountain's side, with which it is dotted to its very peak, 2300 feet above sea level, where the trolley or rickshaws do not compete; both hilly and level portions of the city's streets filled with Chinese pedestrians and coolies, bearing burdens slung on poles; find yourself in a sedan chair about seven o'clock of an evening, borne along by four stalwart coolies, bare of foot and limb, with swinging, powerful strides bearing you through the populous portion of the city, then plunging into a labyrinth of splendidly paved paths, bor-

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"A SPENDID CITY OF MASSIVE WELL-BUILT BUSINESS BLOCKS."

dered by a most luxurient and beautiful growth of varied tropical palms, plants and vines—up and up, and up you're borne, zigzagging the mountain's side along those bewilderingly beau-

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tiful walks, passing mansions many, catching views of the city falling away from you and the land-locked bay beyond, finally to be set down at one of those mansions and ushered into its spacious halls and through drawing rooms with a wealth of Oriental furnishings, out on to a broad veranda where a view of city and bay greets your eye, together with the tropical jungle through which you have just passed; the whole scene illuminated by a myriad of twinkling lights, for night has fallen now—that's Hong Kong!

Canton, June 19, 1910.

Canton is not beautiful. It is ninety miles from Hong Kong. A terrible, grim and ugly city of some four million Chinese, crowded into a limited space, with narrow, dirty, crooked streets, seething with Chinese life. The city is built on the edge of Pearl River and is intersected with narrow canals. Both river and canals are crowded with sampans, in which boats live a population of probably 400,000.

The Shameen, a portion of the city set off for foreigners, lying along the river's edge, has one poor foreign hotel and numerous hongs (wholesale business houses) and banks, a foreign club and foreign consulates. This portion of Canton is composed of fine massive buildings and gives one the feeling that he is in 20th century surroundings. But the rest of the city, built of two-story buildings, looks, smells and appears just as it did the first time I came to Canton, eleven years ago, and in all probability looks, smells and appears just as it did eleven hundred years ago.

Hong Kong has a beauty all its own, and Canton has an ugliness all *its* own, and holds to it most tenaciously.

I have been jarred and shaken more in Canton in contemplating the colossal task the Almighty has on His hands, of seeing His human family through this vale of tears, than in any other spot I've ever visited.

On one of my former trips to Canton, Dr. Swan, head of the



"MILD PUNISHMENT IN CANTON."



M 30. THE CHINESE COURT.
"THEIR PUNISHMENT WILL COME LATER."



"CHINESE EXECUTION."



"AFTER THE EVENT."

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Medical Presbyterian Mission located here, told me a story of mild interest (to people 12,000 miles away).

During the Boxer troubles, the foreigners in Canton were worried. There were about 250 of them, counting missionaries in the Chinese part of the city, and others on Shameen. The male portion of those foreigners didn't get so far away from a gun that they couldn't put their hands on it at any minute.

The missionaries live within a compound in the city, with a wall about ten feet high built around them.

The Shameen is separated from the city by a canal. Two bridges cross the canal. Flimsy iron gates are thrown across those bridges. A Chinese guard opens them at the approach of a foreigner; or of a Chinese if the Chinese has a pass entitling him to go on Shameen.

These walls and gates never struck me as being any protection against four million Chinese, if said four million should really get in earnest about doing up 250 "foreign devils" residing in their midst.

During the Boxer troubles the old Empress Dowager, at Pekin, was desirous of having the Boxer movement extend to the Southern province, of which Canton is the capital, and of which Li Hung Chang was viceroy. She sent Li a message commanding him to liberate all the prisoners in the Canton jails, hoping thereby to extend the movement by letting loose that rough element. Li was a staunch friend of the foreigners. While he did not dare disobey the royal edict he had a trick up his wide and flowing sleeve to circumvent the amiable designs of the old Dowager and he had the power to play the trick. He gave the order that all the prisoners in the jails in Canton be liberated, but he stationed executioners at the exits of all the jails, and as those prisoners were pushed out the heads of all were promptly cut off, and, Dr. Swan said, in telling me the story, "The streets around those jails ran blood that day." Dr. Swan told me that the foreigners in Canton esteemed Li Hung Chang very highly..

I did not see this take place and it may sound like a fish story

BEAUTIFUL HONG KONG AND GRUESOME CANTON

to you, but I give it to you as Dr. Swan, a most estimable, reliable and Christian gentleman, gave it to me.

As I have stood on the execution ground in Canton and watched one Canton executioner, in one and one-half minutes,



"CUT OFF THE HEADS OF FOURTEEN CHINESE."

cut off the heads of fourteen Chinese, I can probably more easily understand how Li Hung Chang carried out his plan to protect the foreigners.

The things I have seen and smelled in Canton and the things I have been told about Canton, have caused the jars I mentioned above.

I was interested in reading an account in one of the English newspapers published in Hong Kong, of a novel entertainment given by a Chinese lady. This lady had become discouraged on account of the manner in which fate had been pitching things her way. She had lost her husband and children. Death had claimed them. Life held no more attractions for her. She

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owned a little house, which she sold, and with the proceeds bought herself a nice new dress and a good coffin.

Then she sent out invitations to her friends to join her in a social tea, stating on the invitations that for a climax to the entertainment she would hang herself. The mandarin of the city in which she lived tried to dissuade her from carrying out the last act of her entertainment. But she was obdurate and carried out the full bill as advertised, and her friends put her in her coffin and burried her beside her husband and children.

I didn't go to this party. I didn't have an invitation. I shouldn't have gone if I had I should certainly have sent my regrets.

The Chinese are a very peculiar people!

I didn't go to that execution from choice—or rather not from a willing choice—but out of courtesy to a gentleman whose guest I was in Canton the day it took place, and who very much wanted me to go. I wouldn't go to another out of courtesy.

A Chinese newspaper, the leading one in Canton, with a circulation of 2,000, and the only one that commented upon the execution, had about $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches, single column, concerning it, only mentioning the bare facts, the men's names, the names of the magistrates who sentenced them, and their crimes—they were river pirates.

Three men were electrocuted (a triple execution) in one of our New York State prisons, shortly after I returned home from the trip on which I witnessed the Chinese mode. A New York paper used up a good part of a page in telling about that execution and dwelt at length upon the appalling rapidity with which three men were launched into eternity. From the time the corps of executioners got started until the men were pronounced dead, "*only seventeen minutes were consumed!*"

I couldn't help but contrast—two and one-half inches, single column, one Chinaman with a sword, a minute and a half, fourteen men instead of three. Just how much it cost the State of New York to put those three murderers out of commission I

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don't know. The artist in his line whom I saw execute fourteen, got 11c a head and there was no occasion to pay a doctor to feel their pulse to see if they were dead. They were dead, all right—beyond all possible chance of resuscitation.

I leave Canton tonight (I am always willing to leave Canton). Manila is the next town on my list.

IX

OUR LITTLE BROWN BROTHER IN THE PHILIPPINES

Manila, P. I., June 28, 1910.

I don't feel competent to write about the Philippine Islands.

They aren't on a direct line around the world, anyway. To get to them you have to side step 645 miles from Hong Kong, which is on the beaten path,—and, I was going to add, it's a foolish thing to do.

Just as sure as I get started on the Philippine Islands I'll say something foolish—anyway, there's bound to be someone who will say it's foolish. The fact is, I've got a lot of friends who have such a diversity of opinions about the Philippines that I hate to say anything about them for fear I'll hurt the feelings of those friends.

Some of my highly esteemed friends think we ought to pull up root and branch and let the Philippines run themselves, and to do it now, right off quick. Others say we might consider this thing sometime in the future, say in a thousand years. While still others say, "What! give up the Philippines, after planting our flag and a billion dollars there—to say nothing of the brave boys in Khaki? Never! *Never!* NEV-ER!" And there you are. I'm bound to make a mess of it, no matter how hard I try not to.

I've been over here several days. I've talked to manufacturers, hotel men, bankers, school teachers, merchants, railroad men, newspaper men, importers, exporters,—oh, I've button-holed everything and everybody who can savvy my language

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for their views of, and their ideas as to, and their opinions concerning, the Philippine Islands and the United States' policy towards them.

The general concensus of opinion, so far as I have been able to gather it from the Americans in the islands, is, that we have been a blooming lot of unwise politicians up to date in our handling of the situation. They have all, with one voice, filled me full of stories of the unlimited resources of the islands, but in the next breath they say, we can never develop the resources without labor; and of the Filipino as a laboring proposition—oh, they say unutterable things!

After several days of that same plaint I ran across one chap who is up against it hard. He is trying to handle a situation where millions are at stake and where labor is essential to pull the situation to the center. Should I give you his opinion of the Filipino as a laboring proposition, and if you should publish it verbatim, you'd have to print it on asbestos paper to be safe.

After hearing him out I said, "Well, if we should send over to Shanghai and bring over a couple of Shanghai wheelbarrow boys with their barrows, and let them load every Filipino in the islands, good, bad and indifferent, on to their useful vehicles, about four million to a barrow, (he has been to Shanghai and didn't seem to think I was proposing impossible loads) and push them up to the crater of some volcano, said crater to be very deep, with perpendicular walls, and the volcano bilin' good, and dump them all in, that would be unjust, unchristian, cruel, horrible, barbarous, wicked, fiendish and outrageous, wouldn't it?"

He said it would, but that there wouldn't be anything else the matter with the scheme. All of which goes to show that the Philippine Islands are a delicate subject to write about, and I honestly wish I didn't have to do it.

Really, I think we ought not be too hard on our Little Brown Brothers. (I'd like to get around, about here, with something that would make Mr. Taft and his school of thinkers say that I'm a good fellow and a wise man). You see, it's this way.

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The poor chaps have, the islands over, about 465 fiesta days a year to celebrate, and only 365 days in the year to celebrate them in.

That's a discouraging situation on the face of it. It's dollars to doughnuts that we wouldn't show as much pluck in a like situation as does our Little Brown Brother. (You can always find something good to write about anything if you look for it, and you bet I'm looking, because this is a delicate subject, and be careful as I may I feel that I'll put my foot in it). We'd chuck the sum, wipe off the slate, and try to figure it out some other way. Does Little Brown Brother renig at his job?

He does not. Absolutely undaunted with the impossibility of his task, with a heroism beautiful to contemplate, he goes at it and celebrates just as many as he can, anyway.

The fellow who wrote that silly postcard that has sold so largely in the United States, viz., "If drinking whiskey interferes with your business, give up your business," got his inspiration from our Little Brown Brothers trying to get away with all their fiesta days. And while it may be a little aggravating to an American over here, with millions invested to develop the islands, to have his help all knock off work to attend a fiesta, the value of one inspiration that will help to keep the slaves on the mainland good natured is not to be too lightly considered, and the sarcasm of that postcard has raised a lot of laughs and set many a good fellow to thinking.

It's a sight to make anyone forget the high cost of living to watch Little Brown Brother, with his back number fiesta days to be worked off staring him in the face, heroically taking hold of the current one to keep the debt as low as possible, (that's commendable, ain't it?), and to see him go to the day in hand bright and early in the morning, not even taking time to tuck his shirt inside his pants, with a chew of betel nut rightly placed, a cigarette stuck on the under side of his upper lip, and with his fighting cock under his arm,—really, if it wouldn't put me on the blink with those of my friends who are so thoroughly con-

OUR LITTLE BROWN BROTHER IN THE PHILIPPINES



NORD MOTHER AND SON - MIND P.I.

"OUR LITTLE BROWN BROTHER."

vinced that "The Philippine Islands for the Filipinos" should be our settled policy, I would lift up my voice with all the Americans I've met over here, and say, "Pending Little Brown Brother's getting his fiesta days worked off, let the Chinese come in and develop the islands under the guidance of the Americans now here, and more who would come to represent the capital

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which would flow in, once we had a settled policy and a labor element which could be depended on." That would be a settled policy, all right. It's going to take "L.B.B." a thousand years and then some, to take care of his fiesta days, current and back numbers.

They tell me over here that the Philippine Islands are the original garden of Eden.

Putting two and two together, and taking all that they tell me without any salt, that may be so. It may be that the Filipino disregarded the Divine command, "In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread," and, instead, stole a march on the Almighty and sneaked past the angels with the flaming swords, back into the garden, and has been picking his living off a tree



"BEEN PICKING HIS LIVING OFF A TREE."

ever since. Anyway, he don't seem to harness up first rate with the aims, aspirations and ambitions of his Big White Brother,

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who is sweating it out as per the rule laid down in the good book.

Well, to stop talking and say something about these islands—Say! I'm not going to do it. It's not in the contract. I was only to write on my trip around the world, and these islands are 645 miles off the beat. If I were to write about the Philippines I'd hurt somebody's feelings—they are a delicate subject.

This is not my first visit to the islands. I was over here nine years ago. I got the gold fever that time. Otherwise I found the islands healthful. I never had had the gold fever before and I've never had it since. I travelled the length of the archipelago on my former visit. Walked a pair of shoes off my feet hiking over one of the mountain ranges down in Mindinao. I emerged from Mindinao with seven gold mines and a town site. Had them all buttoned up with a good tight agreement, and the agreement duly witnessed by the native secretary of one of the provinces. It was a beautiful town site. A little wild, but a good site. They were nice gold mines, too. There was only one thing the matter with them, and that's liable to happen to nine gold mines out of ten and I only had seven. There wasn't any gold in those gold mines!

No, I won't write about the Philippine Islands. They are a delicate subject, and 645 miles off my beat.

Singapore is on the line, and I'm going to get there as fast as I can. I'll write you from Singapore.

X

THE STRAITS SETTLEMENTS AND CHINESE ART

Singapore, Straits Settlement, July 8th, 1910.

Dropping down almost directly South from Hong Kong to Singapore, a matter of some 1500 miles through the South China Sea, nearing the equator one would expect to find the water getting warmer and warmer. To have a childish fancy come true it would be just about boiling at the equator.

It's a four days' sail from Hong Kong to Singapore. The first morning out of Hong Kong the water for my bath, taken directly from the sea, was warm—oh, about as warm as it used to be in our old swimming hole in Big Creek in Ohio, after a term of warm days in July, which same creek was dry save for that hole—anyway, it was good and warm. The second morning out it was cooler, the third still cooler, and the fourth, just out of Singapore, 70 miles North of the equator, the water was chilly.

Thus childhood's fancies go to smash--the water in the sea at the equator don't boil. It's a good deal cooler than at Hong Kong, 1500 miles North of the equator.

Singapore is on the island of Singapore, a flat piece of ground 14 miles wide and 27 long, lying at the extreme Southern end of the Malay Peninsula, at the Southern entrance to the Malacca Straits.

These narrow straits, ten to twenty miles wide, with the peninsula on the East and the island of Sumatra on the West, are the world's highway of commerce.

In 1819, Sir Stamford Raffles came rubbering around this

THE STRAITS SETTLEMENTS AND CHINESE ART

part of the world, and, with an Englishman's eye for strategic points, reached out and picked up this island of Singapore, with its 300 naked savages, and presented island and savages to his country, much as one would say, "Have a cigar."

"Thanks", Great Britain said, "we don't mind"; and straight-way planted her guns here; and here they are today, commanding the world's highway, with their challenge of "Who goes there?" One has to take off his hat to Great Britain in this matter of picking off the strategic points, the world's strongholds.

Most of the strongholds on earth, worth mentioning, Great Britain has picked up in this same nonchalant way, occasionally cuffing the natives up to a peak if they had the temerity to get behind a rock or a tree and make up a face at the conquering Briton.

After taking a bird's eye view of the situation, all things considered, I don't know as I could have done more wisely in choosing an ancestry.

The other old world nations have been not a whit more virtuous in this matter of itching for strongholds. They just didn't seem to have the savvy. They came snooping around, just as willing to pick 'em up, only to find that Johnny Bull was on the spot. If in the end John gets licked, one can't help admiring Dad's colossal audacity up to date.

Today, Singapore has a population of 280,000. Immediately after Mr. Raffles presented this island, with its 300 Malays, to his country, they didn't send out a lot of school teachers to make clerks, policemen and judges of the natives, nor did they set up signs warning the Chinese to "Keep off the grass." John Bull is a hard headed old cuss. I'm not saying what John *ought* to have done—that's a delicate subject—I'm only telling you what he *did*. He took the money that campaign of education would have cost, added more to it and put it into guns and fortifications. Then he got out a lot of nice engraved invitations, in choice pidgin English, and sent em over to China. It was a

AROUND THE WORLD

cordial bid for the Chinese to come to Singapore, assuring them that the "water was fine."

The Chinese came and built up the Straits Settlements, Sin-



Chinese Musicians doing 'Joss Pidgin'.

"THE CHINESE CAME."

gapore, Penang, Malacca and the Province of Wellesley, all on the lower end of the Malay Peninsula, a chunk of ground about half as large as the single island of Luzon. The Chinese prospered under the liberal English government, the Settlements prospered, and if it is true that commerce is an instrument to lift the world to a higher level of civilization, the world profited, because the commerce of the Straits Settlements reaches annually 559 million Straits dollars, the value of this same Straits dollar in gold being 57 cents of our money. The port of Singapore ranks second to Hong Kong and is the eighth in importance in the world.

Although Singapore is so near the equator, it has a delightful climate. In my three days' stay the thermometer hasn't gone above 86°. There is always a refreshing breeze and the morn-

THE STRAITS SETTLEMENTS AND CHINESE ART

ings and evenings are delightfully cool, and, I am told, this is the climatic condition the year round.

The Chinese have a Buddhist temple, one of the finest in the world, at Singapore. My guide told me it cost sixteen million dollars. This guide was a Cingalese, a colored gentleman. I engaged him at four o'clock last evening to take me this morning—we arranged to make an early start, 6:30—to visit the botanical gardens, a government rubber plantation and this Chinese temple. At six o'clock last evening this guide was bilin' drunk. He was sober when I engaged him. How he managed to get so drunk in two hours I don't know, nor was I so interested in finding out, as I was to know if he could possibly sober up from such a tremendous jag in twelve short hours, sufficiently to conduct an American business man, thirsting for information, on his quest for knowledge. I expressed my doubts on this point to the proprietor of Raffles Hotel, where I am stopping. Mine host assured me that I need have no fears, that the guide was a rare character, that he got just so drunk every afternoon, but that he never failed to be on hand to meet an engagement the next morning. The guide showed up all right, but between you and me I think he figured out the cost of that temple between four and six last evening and got it too high.

I never bought a Chinese temple. I never wanted to buy one. If I were in the market for a Chinese temple and this one was offered to me for anything over eight million dollars I'd shop around a bit before buying. But it's a mighty fine specimen of a Chinese temple.

The Chinese aren't so slow.

On panels in the wall of a long veranda approach to the entrance to this temple are some specimens of Chinese art, expressed in paintings. Compared with Michael Angelo's and Raphael's, as works of art, they are not to be considered. But for awful warnings to evil doers to flee from the wrath to come, Michael Angelo, Raphael, or any modern artist, would have to hustle to keep in sight of these Chinese artist's dust, as the whole

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earth's bunch of painters come racing down the world's highway of art.

Of course, everybody knows that the Chinese can't paint for sour apples, if you go ringing in technique, atmosphere, perspective, anatomy, and a few other minor details such as connoisseurs prate about in discussing art. What I'm trying to tell you is, that these Chinese artists have gotten right down to brass tacks in showing what will happen hereafter, when the avenging angel passes out to the wicked what's coming to them for the deeds done in the body. In these pictures the punishment for every brand of wickedness is portrayed.

A good idea of the character of these "works of art" may be gained by describing the last painting, as you pass into the temple. It shows what's coming to the butchers who charge the people too much for meat.

If we could only induce the men highest up in the Beef Trust in America to come to Singapore and study that painting, it would do more good than we accomplished in puckering up our stomachs in a preparation for that ineffectual beef boycott.

A market place is portrayed with an immense chopping block. Behind this chopping block his Satanic majesty stands, arrayed in a butcher's gown. With a meat cleaver he is chopping up the butchers, who, while on earth, charged too much for meat, and is passing out to the people juicy cutlets carved from the bodies of these wicked men. Technique, perspective—atmosphere I was going to add, but it fairly reeks with sulphurous atmosphere—may be wanting in that painting, but you can fairly *hear* the Devil say, "Who'll take home a tenderloin from this erstwhile wicked butcher and broil it on hot coals; who wants to take this beef baron's heart and toast it on a fork? Come up, come, good people, here's meat and plenty now, without money and without price." From the contented, happy look on the faces of the crowd to whom the Devil is passing out those cutlets they have evidently just run over from Heaven for a call, and all have return tickets. But I'm not going to try to look into

THE STRAITS SETTLEMENT AND CHINESE ART

the mind of a Chinese artist. I'll earn my money if I describe his work.

I'm going North from here, out through the Malacca Straits, past Penang and up to Calcutta, picking up Rangoon in Burmah on my way.

XI

IN BURMAH

Rangoon, July 15, 1910.

Once in a great, great while, one runs across a story in business life clear out of the ordinary and which gives one a jolt. I ran up against one today—and it's a Sunday-school story, too! The characters are real flesh and blood, and not the creations of some namby-pamby writer of some Sunday-school stories, that often make a real live boy ache to go out, and—well—break the Sabbath, for instance.

The hero in this story is a business man. And a King, who was an erstwhile Prince, and a Duke, a Duchess and Princess, and members of the Prince's staff, kind of fit in and help the story out—like the necessary wadding it takes to load a gun.

Kings and Dukes and Princes—and such—are tiptop material out of which to make stories, but in this particular instance they are only used for a background. This is a boy's Sunday-school story.

I never expected to write a Sunday-school story when I started on this trip; but, you see, I didn't know what I was going to run into. One never does.

This true Sunday-school story I'm going to tell—when I get to it, (I'm going to tell about these "heathen" Burmese and their temple first; I really need them as a moral to adorn my tale), happened here in Rangoon.

Last night I dropped into Rangoon, which is in Burmah. Burmah is quite a big country, pretty nearly as big as the state

IN BURMAH

of Texas, and there are close to twelve million Burmese in Burmah.

They are a cross between a Filipino and a Chinese in ambition and willingness to work. They are not such a lymphatic lot as the Filipinos, nor so industrious as the Chinese,—about half way between. They are chocolate brown as to color, with straight hair. They have a rich country in undeveloped natural resources, with abundant teak and rubber forests, deposits of petroleum, and gold and ruby mines. There are thousands of wild elephants, tigers, buffalo and deer in Burmah, and there is the big Irawaddy River. That's sort of a gossipy old stream—at least it takes thirteen mouths to express itself to the Bay of Bengal. On one of these mouths is Rangoon, the biggest city in Burmah. Rangoon has 300,000 inhabitants and is a very beautiful city, with many lakes and tropical parks and pagodas, one of which is one of the world's greatest sights, a temple built to Buddha.

The legend is that nearly twenty-five hundred years ago some of Buddha's disciples came to him and begged a relic from him—something that belonged to him. He gave them eight hairs from his head. They took these eight hairs, put them in a jewelled casket, and started to rear a temple to Buddha over them. They started the temple here in Rangoon, but a nat (an angel) appeared to them and led them to another location in the city, the present site of the great temple. They abandoned the temple they had started, took the casket containing the eight precious hairs, and over those hairs erected the great Shwe Dagon Pagoda, which is the oldest and finest Buddhist temple in the world—a marvel of architectural grace and beauty.

The great feature of the temple is its spire, which rises to a height of 370 feet, with a diameter of 450 feet at its base. This spire has been gilded many times with gold leaf, which in this climate lasts but a few years. They are now covering this immense spire with solid gold plates. The work of putting on these plates has been completed one-fourth of the distance from

AROUND THE WORLD

the top down. These gold plates are made of English sovereigns—a sovereign being \$4.84 worth of gold—hammered on



"SHWE DAGON PAGODA."

IN BURMAH

anvils into squares, four by four inches. Thus each square foot of these plates contains \$43.56 worth of gold. At least five million dollars' worth of gold—to say nothing of the cost of hammering it into sheets and putting it on—will be needed to complete this work.

These “heathen” Burmese are a pretty sincere lot of worshippers.

It is not an uncommon sight to see a man and his wife, who have journeyed hundreds of miles to worship at this temple which they believe to cover eight hairs from Buddha’s head, the pair not having two rupees’ (64c) worth of clothes on their backs, dig up somewhere from the recesses of those “jeans,” two, and even three hundred rupees to help pay for the gold to cover that spire! However mistaken they may be in their faith, I am constrained to believe that their religion means as much to them as our faith in the one true God means to us. It is more of a sacrifice for these twelve million Burmese to raise that five million dollars than it would be for the people of the United States to raise five billion dollars. I haven’t any data by me to prove that assertion, but I believe it’s true.

If some great crisis should arise whereby we had to raise five billion dollars—quickly, to save—oh,—we will say, our Christian Sabbath from being taken away from us, on a pinch, if we *had to*, we are better able to raise that enormous sum than these Burmese are able to get around with that five million dollars’ worth of gold which they are giving simply for sentiment, for decorative purposes.

Oh! we’d raise it if we *had to*. We’d raise ten billion if we *had to*. Just to suppose a case. Suppose the Almighty had commissioned the Devil to try us on this point, even as He gave him permission to try Job of old. Suppose under these circumstances the Devil should come at us with this proposition—“Raise for me ten billion dollars’ worth of treasure within a week or I’ll take from you your Christian Sabbath.” What would America’s answer be to that proposition?

AROUND THE WORLD

Before coming to Rangoon I'd have been enough of a pessimist to have bet gold eagles to brass buttons that we'd have said, "That's a tremendous lot of treasure; guess we'll keep the ten billion and limp along with nine commandments."

Today I'm enough of an optimist to bet gold eagles to brass buttons that America's answer to the Devil would be, "You get to home out of here; here's your ten billion; we'll keep our Sabbath."

This true Sunday-school story that I've got up my sleeve—that, and watching these Burmese Buddhists (if we haven't got as much sand as these Burmese I'd like to know) is what's stiffened up my backbone. Of course this being a Sunday-school story I wouldn't *bet*. I only use that word in a sort of illustrative way.

When I started out for business this morning, right after capturing a chota haziri—(no, boys, that's not something to shoot at, that's a small breakfast that they give you in Rangoon before the regular 9 o'clock breakfast)—the last thing I was looking for was a Sunday-school story. As I never was in Burmah before I asked the proprietor of my hotel if there was anything doing in curios in Rangoon?

"Why," he said, "you must see Hirst. He is headquarters in Burmah for curios. His place is only a few minutes' drive from this hotel."

While waiting for my gharry mine host added: "I want to post you, Mr. Allen. You can't buy from native merchants in Rangoon without bargaining. Hirst is different. He is absolutely one price. Also he is peculiar. If you try to beat him down he might refuse to sell to you. He is an old Englishman, comes from good stock back home, and has very decided views on some things. Five years ago the Prince of Wales (now King George) was here in Rangoon with his suite, touring Burmah. They stopped at this hotel. The Prince's secretary sent word to Hirst that his Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, would visit his store the next morning to buy some curios. The next day

IN BURMAH

was Sunday. Hirst sent back this message: 'My compliments to the Prince of Wales, but tell him I would not sell goods on Sunday even to the King of England.' Hirst is headquarters in Burmah for curios, Mr. Allen, but don't try to dicker with him. You don't have to; his goods and prices are right."

"Say," I said to that hotel man, as a son of Ham, perched up on his driver's seat, came reigning up to the hotel steps, "will you kindly request your interpreter to tell this Jim Crow driver to push his horse as fast as it can go to Hirst's curio shop? I'm in a hurry to see a man in the Far East who has one price and who wouldn't sell to *anyone* on Sunday. Curios are my specialty. I'm looking for curios."

I was dropped in front of Hirst's store in an incredibly short time. The interpreter must have delivered my directions right. As he shot them at that driver they sounded as if they would make anything go.

I found Mr. Hirst to be a hale, hearty, jovial old English gentleman. I didn't buy *everything* he had. He has carved elephants' tusks, and other art pieces worth thousands of dollars for a single piece, and I had to leave *something*, because royalty, or representatives of royalty, might come to Rangoon almost any day, and Mr. Hirst must have something on hand to show them, for he has a large trade in Burmese curios with the crowned heads of Europe. But if his store doesn't look like a whirlwind had struck it after he ships out my order, I'm no judge of a windstorm.

It was easy and pleasant to deal with Mr. Hirst. After a most pleasant forenoon's business was concluded, I said, "Mr. Hirst, I want your story for publication; will you give it to me?" With a humorous twinkle in his keen eyes he said, "Why, yes; if you think it's worth printing."

In his home this afternoon he gave it to me. I only made one bad break. In showing me his private collection he handed me a most unique sword and told me its history. As I held it in my envious grasp—an old sword always does appeal to me—I said,

AROUND THE WORLD

“Er—er—er, this—this sword—you—you wouldn’t—*sell* this sword would you, Mr. Hirst?” Did you ever offer to buy a fond young mother’s baby? Mr. Hirst snatched that sword out of my hand and put it back in its place on the wall. He didn’t swear—Mr. Hirst is a *good* man—but as his back was toward me I heard him telling God all about it, under his breath.

He has a collection of Burmese spears; he claims the only complete collection extant. He has been offered pounds sterling enough for that collection to give him a competency, even if the number of pounds offered were dollars instead of pounds.

And here, dear children, is my Sunday-school story—aye, my Monday-school, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday-school story—that I ran up against in Rangoon today:

Hirst is an Englishman, a Yorkshire Englishman. A Yorkshire Englishman and a Mayflower-Plymouth-Rock-New England American are a good deal alike. His ancestors were Yorkshire English farther back than he has ever tried to trace. His father was a well to do manufacturer of woolen blankets. In 1852, owing to a depression in business, his father, together with other woolen manufacturers, found themselves with accumulated stocks that they had to move.

Mr. Hirst, then a young man in College, was chosen to go to America to try to unload those stocks. He went, and succeeded. He came back to England and apprenticed himself to the woolen trade. After his apprenticeship he went into business for himself, buying Australian wool, and selling it, largely in the United States. After an active business career of thirty years in the wool business, during which time he visited the United States four times, at intervals, in the interest of his business, (he is as familiar with the geography of the eastern half of the United States as I am) he retired, with a competency.

Owing to unfortunate investments in Australian gold mines, at the age of fifty-six he found himself “busted.” He came to Burmah and prospected for gold throughout Burmah for ten years, and at the age of sixty-six found himself where he started

IN, BURMAH

his career as a gold prospector—still “busted.” He then came to Rangoon, and in a most modest way, with a few pounds he was able to get together, started life over again, in the curio business.

Here Mr. Hirst told of his struggle for a foothold in a new business—the old, old story, a fight for success that *young* men often think too hard, and stop this side of the goal. All the resources of an indomitable will, square dealing, close application to business, long hours, expenses cut to the minimum, careful, patient, laying of a foundation from the age of sixty-six to seventy-one, (Mr. Hirst is now seventy-six years old) a steady uphill pull—and then success. And then the old man stopped, as if there were really no more to tell.

“Oh! but, Mr. Hirst,” I cried, springing up, “go on, I want to hear the rest. How about the next five years? How about your refusal to sell to the Prince of Wales on Sunday?”

“Oh,” he said, “you’ve heard that story about the Prince of Wales? Well, yes” he said, “that’s true. I didn’t sell the Prince of Wales anything, but I sold that week to a number of the officers of his staff; in fact, that was the most profitable week I had had in Rangoon up to that date. And things have seemed to come my way ever since that week.

“The story, somehow, travelled back to England,” he continued. “Two years later the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and Princess Patricia came to Rangoon. I was in bed, ailing—not feeling quite fit—at the time of their visit. The Duke sent me a note saying that they would like to call upon me. I got into a dressing gown to receive them. When they came, the Duchess apologized and said, ‘It is really too bad to intrude upon you when you are ill, Mr. Hirst,’ but the Duke said, ‘I didn’t want to leave Rangoon without seeing, and shaking hands, with the man who wouldn’t open his store on Sunday even to do business with my brother, the King of England.’

“The best carvers in the country work for me. I’ve placed Burmese works of art pretty well over the world in the past five

AROUND THE WORLD

years. The representative of a King in Europe, some time ago, was buying some pieces from me for his King. He asked me if I thought a certain screen I had 'was good enough for his King's palace?' I told him I sold one like it for *my* King's palace, and if it was good enough for *my* King it was good enough for *his*."

Mr. Hirst, I said, I want your photograph. "Why, Mr. Allen," he said, "do you know, I haven't got a picture of myself? You'd be welcome to it if I had. I live alone, I'm quite alone in the world. I've never wanted a picture of myself, and for twenty years there has been no one to want a picture of me. I was married at twenty-four, and lost my wife two years later. She left me with an infant daughter, who lived with me until her death at thirty years of age. I didn't marry again, for two reasons. I never saw anyone whom I thought could fill my wife's place, and I shrank from giving my little girl a step-mother. I've often thought that, perhaps, that was not the wisest thing. If I had married again, while my little girl was still too young to know the difference, it might have been better for the child, and I might have had a son to take this business when I am gone. But our life was very happy, while my daughter was spared to me."

'Twas the only note of sadness in his story. A happier, jollier, better informed, more wholesome man, one would not ask to meet, than J. Whitfield Hirst, English gentleman, doing business in his King's colony of Burmah—a most loyal subject to his King—I honestly believe if the Devil came at us with that proposition, we'd send him back home with a flea in his ear.

I went to my hotel for my camera, and Mr. Hirst went to his store. I have some kodak pictures of Mr. Hirst, and a group of his ivory carvers, working on elephants' tusks.

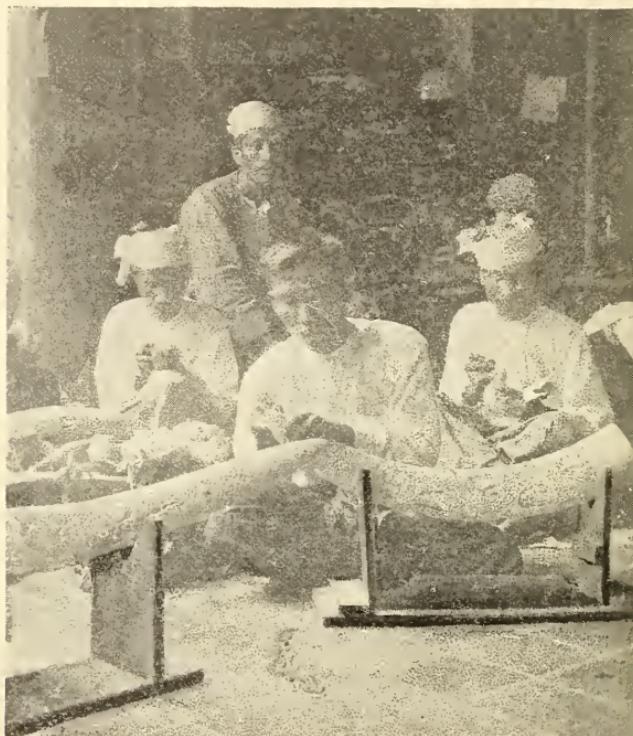
Can you get it thoroughly into your noddles, children, what that message to the heir to the throne of England meant to Mr. Hirst? Do you know how dear success in business is, to men who are fighting for it? Can you picture the situation in Rangoon, a British city of nearly 300,000? *The heir to England's throne*



J. WHITFIELD HIRST.

AROUND THE WORLD

expected! Everyone on the *qui vive*, especially the merchants. A few might hope for a royal visit; and once it was made, that



"GROUP OF IVORY CARVERS."

shop was stamped with royal favor. This means much to a London merchant; but vastly more in far off Rangoon, would a visit, and the patronage, of the Royal Prince mean to the merchant fortunate enough to capture it. A man no longer young—seventy-one years old—an *old man*, putting up his last fight for business success. He has fought, and won, and lost, and for fifteen years in a new and distant land he has fought to win it back. The stress of battle is still with him. Oh! if now the Prince would but put the stamp of royal approval on *his* shop!

IN BURMAH

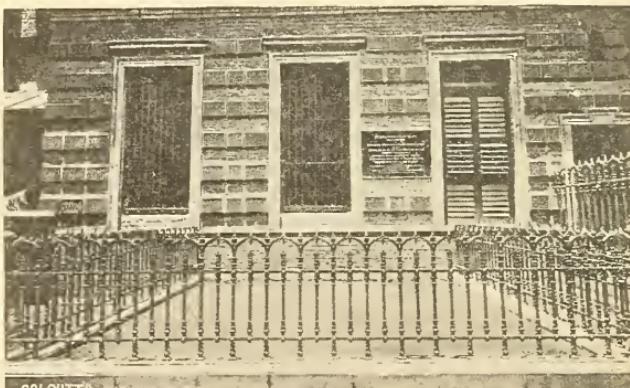
And then the message comes to the brave old man:—"His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, will call at your store to purchase goods at a certain hour tomorrow." But "tomorrow" is Sunday, and Mr. Hirst can't sell goods on Sunday without violating his conscience. So this message goes back, "My compliments to the Prince of Wales, but tell him I would not sell goods to the *King* of England on Sunday!"

Somehow or other, it strikes me, there's the making of a mighty good story in the bare facts recited above. But I've got to make a drive for Calcutta tomorrow, and Mr. Hirst is going up country to look at a lot of elephants' tusks he has got wind of.

XII

A HOT TIME IN INDIA

Calcutta, India, July 20, 1910.



the 20th of June, 1756, and from which only 23 came out alive." The pavement marks the exact breadth of the prison, 14 ft. 10 in., but not its full length—18 ft.; about one-third of the area at the north end being covered by the building on which this tablet is fixed.

It is exceedingly warm in India at this season.

Respectfully yours,

GEORGE HOYT ALLEN.

My Dear Judge:
This is the
Black Hole
of Calcutta.
This is the
inscription on
that tablet:
"The marble
pavement be-
low this spot
was placed
here by Lord
Curzon, Vice-
roy and Gov-
ernor-General
of India in 1901
to mark the
site known as
'The Black
Hole,' in
which 146 Brit-
ish inhabitants
of Calcutta
were confined
on the night of

A HOT TIME IN INDIA

Benares, India, July 21, 1910.



A Moochee (Indian Shoe Maker).

'em, not to-day—no, thanks. I'd visit an ice plant if I could find one. Pish, pew! but it's hot in Benares. This shoemaker is a wise man. That's the only way to dress in Benares.

Yours,

DAD.

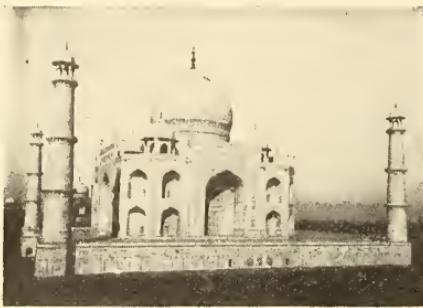
Lucknow, India, July 22, 1910.



to dress. Fellow getting shaved, blame fool—too many clothes on. So've I. I'm in such a melting condition th' only way to save me'll be to dip me up and put me in a pail. Give you pointer. Don't come to India in th' summer. Going to Agra to-night.

DAD.

AROUND THE WORLD



Agra, India, July 23, 1910.

Dear George:—Made a mistake. Two places can be hotter'n Lucknow. Agra is one of 'em. Got here this mornin'—they poured me in a tub and brought me around to see the Taj Mahal. Most beautiful building in India. Most beautiful building in th' world. "Should be seen by moonlight"—but I'm traveling nights and working days. You can scrape culture off yourself with a hoe after you've seen the Taj Mahal. Scheme is—lot of globe

trotters who've "done" India get together. First one says—"Did you see the Taj Mahal at Agra?" Second one says,—"Yes indeed, wasn't it beautiful?" First one says, "Yes indeed!"

What one says to th' other's supposed to be worth th' money.

Woof! but it's hot in Agra.

DAD.

Delhi, India, July 24, 1910.



Dear George:—Didn't think it possible, back in Lucknow, that there could be more than *one* place that was hotter. There was—Agra, and Delhi's hotter'n Agra. Got here this mornin'. They sopped me up and took me to see

the Cashmere gate. If they run me into a hotter town than Delhi, then I *will* know the name of the place.

DAD.

A HOT TIME IN INDIA

Bombay, India, July 25, 1910.

Bombay, Bori Bunder Station



wanted to be sure of it so I asked him again. He said "Bombay." Offered to bet it wasn't. He wouldn't bet. Mebbe it is Bombay. Mebbe I'm mistaken.

DAD.

XIII

HOW HE HELPED A HINDU'S GOD TO ANSWER PRAYER

Bombay, India, July 30, 1910.

Calcutta is the second city in the British Empire. Bombay held that position until the Black Plague scourge put it behind Calcutta. Those two cities, Calcutta on the East and Bombay on the West coast of the peninsula are almost neck and neck in the race for population, each of them having nearly a million souls. It's a fifteen hundred mile journey across India by direct rail, from Calcutta to Bombay, but a dip to the North to take in Benares and Delhi, points I had to make, and I had a two thousand mile journey. A hurried look around Calcutta was all I had time for. A magnificently built city in the foreign quarter, splendid government buildings, fine parks, and broad, clean and well paved streets.

Drop over to the native side of the city and the reverse is what you'll find. Dirt, degradation and poverty abound. The inhabitants fairly swarm, a seething mass of human misery.

The native Indian is a dirty cuss—there's no denying the soft impeachment. He lives the way he does because he likes to live that way. The English have shown the Indians, by precept and example, a better way, and they have made considerable progress, in spots, in making the Indian clean house; but the biggest task on earth today is handling the three hundred million human beings in India, and I, for one, am heartily glad that England has the job. No other nation in the world would, or could, do it so well.

HOW HE HELPED A HINDU'S GOD TO ANSWER PRAYER

We have a little problem—for a cent—compared with India, in our eight million Filipinos. We wish we hadn't, but we've got 'em. We *would* be in business if we had India, and that's what England is. And after looking the crowd over from East to West, (and I'm told the breed runs the same from North to South), I don't feel like throwing stones at the old girl for the mistakes she's made. Anyone who has run even a small business knows how easy it is to make mistakes.

I've got my own opinion of the fellow who would jump into Calcutta, prolong his visit for a couple of days, push across the country inside of a week, slide out at Bombay as quickly as he could, and then get up on his hind feet and bray to the world all about India. But there are a few things that may fly up and hit a fellow in that short time, and he wouldn't have to have them hammered into him all his life to learn them. He could, for instance, tell whether the country was a warm one or not, during his sojourn. Also, he wouldn't have to guess twice as to the undesirable mode of native Indian life. Of all the desolation of desolations that I have ever seen, a native Indian town, with its one-storied mud huts, its crooked paths for streets, and its huddling, dirty, wretched inhabitants has everything that stands for desolation beaten. There is a sort of picturesqueness about the Filipino, and with all his dirt and peculiarities a certain superiority about the Chinaman, that I find lacking in the Indian; and may the Lord be good and lend His gracious aid and wisdom to the nation that has three hundred million of these people on her hands, is the worst wish I have for England. And, as I said before, I'm glad it's their job and not ours.

I went to a ghat in Calcutta and saw a Hindu burn up his wife. The Indians have three ways of disposing of their dead; the Hindus cremate, the Mohammedans inter, and the Parsees (who are confined to Bombay and its environs) have what they call their "Tower of Silence." Here the naked dead body is pushed through a hole at one side of the tower, a walled, roofless enclosure located on a hill in Bombay. Vultures swoop down

AROUND THE WORLD

upon the body, and in a few minutes all that is left is the skeleton.



"TOWER OF SILENCE."

The bones are thrown into a common receptacle—a large well. A part of the Parsees' faith is that all men are brothers; so in their final resting place the bones of all Parsees, high and low, rich and poor, are thrown together in the same well.

That cremation I witnessed in Calcutta was of a low caste Hindu.

The ghat in Calcutta is an enclosure, walled on three sides, on the banks of the Hooghly river. A dozen or more scooped-out places in the ground, and a shed inside the enclosure to protect the mourners in bad weather, describes the place.

The Hindu and a half dozen of his near kin, all men, had borne in the remains on a crude low-legged couch. This couch was the bed on which the woman had died. She was wrapped in a red winding sheet, the color denoting her sex. A man would have been wrapped in a white sheet. A wheelbarrow (American capacity) load of wood was piled at the edge of one of those scooped-out places in the ground.

The mourners laid some of the largest sticks crosswise the hole, the hole thus giving room for kindling the fire, and also, providing a draught. The widower then went to the remains, and, raising one corner of the winding sheet, anointed the woman's chest and throat with some buffalo butter, and sprinkled within the sheet a handful of sandalwood chips. The mourners then laid the woman on the sticks that had been placed over the hole, and they all united in piling the wood on the pyre, entirely covering the remains from sight. A bundle of dried jute stalks and kindling wood were left. Some live coals were procured. The chief mourner grasped a handful of the jute

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stalks, upon which the coals were then placed, and, heading the mourners, the procession marched slowly around the pyre. As the head was passed the chief mourner touched the wood with the smoking jute stalks. Five times the procession circled the pyre—the stalks burst into flame and were tucked beneath the wood. The mourners all joined in helping to feed the flames with the kindling wood. After the fire was started, they knocked the couch to pieces with an axe and placed the demolished bed on the pyre to be burned with its late occupant. Four or five hours, the superintendent of the ghat told me, the mourners would be in attendance before the body would be consumed. Even then the bones would be reduced only to charcoal. The remains of the cremation, ashes and charcoal, are shoveled up, placed in gunny sacks, and when enough have accumulated from numerous cremations, the sacks are loaded on to a scow, towed out into the river, a few miles from the city, and thrown in.

I also went to a large ghat in Bombay. They seemed more progressive at the Bombay ghat. Iron frame work was placed above the place for burning, which allowed more wood to be piled on the dead without rolling off. The fire being so confined, an hour's time was saved in consuming a corpse. A dozen cremations were in progress at this one ghat—there are several in Bombay—and a dozen different groups of mourners were waiting for the fire to consume their dead.

The superintendent of the ghat was a Hindu, an intelligent fellow, who spoke English pretty well. He quizzed me exhaustively as to America's way of disposing of her dead. I told him the general mode was interment, but that cremation was growing in favor. Our conversation attracted the attention of the mourners, and a great many of them gathered around us, while I explained the difference between our crematories and their own, and the superintendent interpreted my words to the mourners. He told me that the expense of a Hindu funeral varied from \$2.00 to \$5.00. A rich Hindu would burn more sandal-wood than a poor one. He said however, that the expense did not

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cease when the body is disposed of. The term of mourning may continue for a year, and is given expression by gifts to the poor and needy. A wealthy Hindu will sometimes call in the lame, the halt and the blind, during his term of mourning, and give them a banquet as an expression of his bereavement. So, going down the scale, a poor man, who got off with only \$2.00 for a funeral, would gun around until he found someone poorer than himself, and do a little mourning in a similar way. Thus, instead of putting flowers on the grave of the dead, whom it cannot help, these practical Hindu mourners bestow their gifts in honor of the dead where they will be of some benefit. I didn't get that out of a book, kind reader, I got it from a "heathen" Hindu in India, and as it was interesting to me, I thought it might be to you.

What we need is a sort of religious Hague, where representatives of all the warring religions of the world may meet for the purpose of exhibiting their religious trees, just as they grow. And as the dead wood appears in the trees, as it certainly would by this universal and close comparison, let it be cut out. It might send us home to dispose of our dead, not with costly pomp, but at an actual expense of a few dollars, and to express our mourning in alleviating the suffering of the living, thus adopting the practical idea plucked from the "heathen" Hindu's tree. There would have to be a tremendous lot of wood cutting in India and China, but don't think for a minute we wouldn't have to get after our own tree with an axe.

I've had the good fortune to listen to some of the greatest preachers of the age, Beecher, Talmage, Parker, and a host of lesser lights. But none of them have ever stirred *me* in their discussions about God quite so thoroughly as did a Hindu guide I had in Bombay, as he told me what he thought about the subject. My apologies to the reverend gentlemen. They probably did their best and it was all my fault. They threw dandy curves, but I couldn't have been a good catcher. At least it struck me that way as I listened to my Hindu guide. Environ-

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ment, atmosphere, perspective, may have had something to do with it. I had two guides in India. One, whom I brought across country, fell sick when I reached Bombay, and I got another. It was this last guide who poured his gospel into me.

I hadn't employed him regularly. He struck me for a job, but I didn't really want a guide in Bombay. Still he kept pestering me for a job. I had bought a little bill of stuff from a Hindu merchant, who, I learned later, had charged me regular globe trotter prices for it, assuring me, at the same time, that his prices were strictly wholesale. It happened to be an article I wasn't posted on, a smallish matter anyway, so I made the deal and paid for the goods. Getting absolute proof the next day that the Hindu had lied to me, I cast about for a christian way of getting even with him.

The "heathen Chinee" hasn't got a monopoly on the "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain." The Indians are quite up to snuff in this matter.

The guides pester the life out of the merchants for a "rake off" on a sale, if they can show the most remote connection between themselves and a foreigner who may have made a purchase. By some sort of freemasonry guides and merchants are in cahoots to skin the tourist, and once a killing is made it's up to the merchant to save as much of his plunder as he can from the vultures—the guides. It's the rule for the foreigner to play the merchant's end of the game and to scowl, frown upon, and even curse the guides, who force themselves by devious ways into a deal. For instance, a foreigner has a guide, and if that guide's brother's nephew's son (by marriage) officiously and gratuitously brushes a fly off the horse that draws that tourist to a store, the tourist sees no reason why the merchant should protect this party of the sixth or seventh or even tenth part to the deal. He knows that his guide will get a rake off, but he would prefer that the merchant, when fixing his price, would load it to provide for only *one* rake off. But the merchant, for reasons best known to himself, dreads the after-claps that may result from a

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sale, when the guides come around to collect their "squeeze," so he protects himself, so far as he can, by getting all he can for his goods, and the tourists' sympathy lies with the merchant in this matter.

Now, my guide, Hubli, wanted a job powerfully bad. He was hungry and poor, and had a family, and his family was hungry. I didn't want him, didn't need him, but that Hindu who had sold me the stuff had lied to me and—under circumstances not necessary to explain—it was a peculiarly aggravated case of lying; and *Hubli wanted a job*. So I thought it would be a christian act to give him one.

"Hubli," I said, "you know Hotgi, the merchant?" .

"Oh yes, master. I know him well. I have conducted many tourists to his store."

"Well, see here, Hubli, I'm going to hire you, but I'm going to hire you on commission. Hotgi sold me a bill of goods. He guaranteed that he had sold them at wholesale prices. He charged me retail prices. I want you to go to his store and collect the overcharge. I'll give you all you collect, only be very arduous, strenuous and persistent in collecting the money. I'll give you a letter to Hotgi so he will know that you are in my employ." I wrote this letter:

"Mr. Hotgi—Dear Sir: I have learned today that there should be a 40 per cent. rebate on the stuff you sold me yesterday. You told me that you were charging wholesale prices, but I learn today that you have overcharged me. The bearer, Hubli, who is in my employ, is hereby commissioned to collect this rebate. He will hand you your receipted bill from which please make the proper reduction of 40 per cent. and hand the money to Hubli. His possession of this bill and this letter will show you that he is in my employ and commissioned to collect this overcharge.

I am, dear sir, faithfully yours,

George Hoyt Allen."

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The silliness of this unbusinesslike proceeding came over me and I had to smile, while penning that letter—but *Hubli wanted a job*. Indeed, he *needed* a job, he was hungry—and besides, I had a sore spot that needed a poultice—there is always a soreness when you are lied to. I was building better than I knew. I handed the bill and my letter to Hubli, explained the situation, and asked him if he thought he could collect anything, adding, encouragingly, “You know, Hubli, you are to have all you collect, only be very strenuous in your efforts to collect. If you make Hotgi a little trouble about this thing I won’t mind; indeed, Hubli, I give you *carte-blanche* to make him as much trouble as you can.”

Hubli rose to the situation magnificently. Could he collect that money? *Could he?*—with master’s good letter empowering him to collect! He’d collect it or there’d be something doing around the part of Bombay where that store was located! And there was, dear reader, I assure you there was.

From afar I followed Hubli in my carriage to see the result of my handiwork, to see what would happen when Hubli got to Hotgi’s store. He got there, and something wasn’t long in happening. You’d never believe there’d be enough fire and tow, mustard and ginger, in one guide to raise such a ruction. I thought they would surely have to call out the fire department and militia to quell the riot. Adjoining merchants butted in. Indeed, it seemed to me that about half of Bombay was stirred up. The clash and din and turmoil grew and grew. I sat in my carriage on the outskirts of that commotion and enjoyed my handiwork. I was satisfied with myself, satisfied with Hubli, satisfied with my latest literary production. It had certainly made a hit!

I left that part of Bombay still boiling and drove back to my hotel. An hour later, Hubli came to my room. He was a pretty well used up guide, but there was enough of him left to report.

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"Well, Hubli," I said, "did you collect the money from Hotgi?"

"No, master," he said, "I did not."

"Why not, Hubli?" I asked, "Didn't you try?"

"Oh yes, master," he said, "I did try. If master could have been there and have seen the trouble I made Hotgi, master would have been satisfied that I tried." (I did and was.)

"Well, why didn't you collect it? You could use the money, couldn't you? You had my written statement that Hotgi owed me that 40 per cent. What was the matter?"

"Hotgi wouldn't pay me, and I raised a great storm around Hotgi's store, (he did, I saw it) and finally Hotgi brought out his gods and swore on them that he had not overcharged you, and then I had to come away. There was nothing to do after that, master. I could not collect any money after Hotgi swore on his gods that he did not owe it to you."

"Hotgi lied, Hubli," I said, "but I'm not surprised. I've known something of like nature to happen in my own country, and between you and me I think Hotgi is just that kind of a fellow. But tell me about your gods, Hubli."

Hubli wasn't a preacher. He was a poor, hungry, Hindu guide. But he was on the ground and had raised the question of his gods, and I was anxious to get his version. Perhaps the environment and the perspective was to blame for Hubli's sermon taking hold. There was for me a tremendous perspective to Hubli's words:

"There's only one God, master. Master's God, Hubli's God, Mohammedan's God, Buddhist's God, Parsee's God—one great God. Different ways of getting to Him, that's all. I started out this morning and prayed to my gods that I could get some work to do today. I'm hungry, master, (and he opened his jacket and showed me the emptiness of his stomach) my family needs bread, and when master gave me that letter I thanked my gods, which means the one great God, that Hubli would have a chance to earn some money today to buy food."

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'Twasn't much of a sermon, and I don't imagine it will make a hit with you, kind reader, but with that black Hindu before me, and with all I have experienced in life for a perspective, it,—well, it wasn't a fancy-curved ball, it came straight, and I caught it!

I raised my contributions to missions, appropriated the contribution, and gave it to Hubli to help his god to answer that prayer of faith.

XIV

A LETTER TO HIS MOTHER-IN-LAW
WHO IS A MEMBER OF HIS HOUSEHOLD.

(He married an only daughter.)

In the Red Sea, August 4, 1910.

My Dear Mother:—

Arrived at Aden today and got your good letter. I can't tell you how glad I was to get that letter.

* * * * *

I have had quite a hunt for stuff to fill my orders, but on the whole feel very well satisfied. I came pretty near not getting your letter at Aden. The ship only stopped there for an hour and a half. We anchored quite a way from the shore, at a buoy, and there was a strong wind. I was the only passenger to go ashore, but *I wanted my letters*.

The purser was most kind. He said, "You make a drive for it, Mr. Allen, and I won't let the ship sail until you get back." He is the business manager of the ship. He signalled a boat, manned by four funny looking niggers, and they pulled me ashore. I didn't have any trouble in finding our consul, who had a big bunch of letters for me. Met him leaving the consulate with his wife, to whom he introduced me. They asked me to take dinner with them, but there was no time. I didn't want to put that purser in a hole, holding up a big P. & O. liner for the only "Yank" on ship-board. The Britishers would have been "ripping mad, ye know," well!—ra-a-ther!

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But I enjoyed my brief visit at Aden. It is only a barren spot in Arabia, a port of call for ships, and is strongly fortified by the British, who own the port. It commands the entrance, or exit at the Southern end of the Red Sea.

It only rains once in two or three years in Aden, so water is one of the precious commodities of the port—largely sea water, evaporated. It's a question of coal to evaporate sea water, and the coal must be brought to Aden in ships. I saw a train of trotting camels, and interesting Arabs, who come in with caravans of coffee, hides, and fruits raised on the oases in the desert.

Those funny "niggers" who rowed me ashore and back to the ship struck up a weird song. I caught the tune, and, with my pocket full of letters, I was so happy coming back that I joined in the chorus, which pleased them immensely, and, by the time we rowed alongside my ship, on the return trip, we had the old tune going good—so good that the passengers looked over the rail of the ship to see if a new brand of pirates were after them. When they saw it was only the single "Yank" passenger on this trip, helping those black Arabs sing, they drew a long breath of relief and went back to their dinners; but don't you think for a minute that we didn't make a noise! If I had known there was that good letter from you in the bunch of letters in my pocket, which I was saving to read on shipboard, there would have been such a racket that the ship would have trained the only gun it carries on the noise—as a precautionary measure, until they could analyze what it meant.

You will gather from the foregoing that your favorite son-in-law is feeling good. You bet I am! I'm so glad to get out of India that I'd cheerfully attack a man-o-war out of sheer exuberance of joy.

My! but that's an awful country!—and hot? *Woof!* but that's a warm country!

I struck it at Calcutta and emerged from it at Bombay. You don't travel in India like you do in the United States—well, hardly! I mapped out a two thousand mile trip across India. I

planned to travel nights and work days. The railroads in India furnish a locomotive and some bum cars, the passengers furnish the rest. It is really necessary to hire a servant—a man. Just think of your plebian son-in-law traveling with *a man!* But he is a necessity, when traveling in India. I hired him in Calcutta. Then I started out with him to buy the necessary things to travel across India with. His name was Mogul, and he was a native Indian. He was to be my servant, guide and interpreter. He was really a very superior servant. He traveled with Chas. W. Fairbanks, our ex-Vice-president, when he was in India. I met a lot of guides in Calcutta who had traveled with ex-Vice-president Fairbanks. This is the off season for tourists in India. I seemed to have the whole peninsula to myself in this respect, and all the guides in Calcutta struck me for a job. I didn't count 'em—they came in swarms, and they had all traveled with ex-Vice-president Fairbanks—anyway, that's what they all told me, and I don't think an Indian guide would lie about a little thing like that. I picked Mogul out from the bunch, because he looked so truthful when he told me that he had guided Mr. Fairbanks across India. Aside from his being an excellent servant he was a humorist.

We started out in Calcutta to buy things for that journey—bedding, soap and towels, etc. We bought, and bought, and bought, until finally Mogul said, "Now, master has everything necessary for the journey."

"Why, no, Mogul," I said, "I haven't bought any wheels for the blamed old car yet."

"Oh, but master does not have to buy wheels for the car," Mogul said, by which token I know that Mogul is a humorist.

We got started all right, and Mogul made my bed, and lugged my grips around, and watched my goods and chattels while I ate my meals. We traveled nights and worked days in the intense heat. We pushed across India, 2,000 miles in five days, and got into Bombay Saturday night. Sunday morning Mogul was taken with diarrhoea, and was sick, and wanted to go home, back to

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Calcutta. He was a stranger in Bombay and was frightened to be sick so far away from home. He said, "Master has been very kind, but master is the hardest traveler I ever worked with. If master will buy me my ticket, back to Calcutta, and pay me my wages, I will go home and pray for master that he may have long life and happiness." So I paid Mogul his wages, and shipped him back to Calcutta. The next day I was struck with the diarrhoea. I had just such a bellyache, grandma, as I used to have when I was a boy, right after apples were well out of blossom and before they got ripe, and I had to go to bed for a day.

Owing to the hot, dry weather, they were dying in Bombay at the rate of 120 daily, mostly from diarrhoea. I am afraid Mogul was so busy with his misery that he forgot to pray for "master" for a day or two, because that was when I was the worst. But I am constrained to believe that Mogul got home all right and remembered his promise. Anyway, I got better. Whether it was Mogul's Hindu gods or a bottle of pain killer that helped me, I shall never really know. I didn't want to take any chances, so I got the pain killer, in case Mogul's memory should slip a cog. Monday I was the worst. Tuesday I felt better. I couldn't get a ship out of Bombay for a week, and the diarrhoea didn't leave me all the time I was there.

The street cars in Bombay are no good, for practical purposes, i.e., to get around on. They ought to be put in a museum in a glass case. So I hired a carriage and didn't attempt to walk at all, just kept a carriage from morning till night. But I knew that as soon as I got on the sea I would be better, and so I am. "A Voyage at Sea" is great medicine for anything that ails you.

You will gather from this letter that I'm feeling bully now, and this eight-day voyage from Bombay to Suez is putting the stuff into me to make the Palestine trip.

I pushed across India at that rapid rate in order to make a week earlier ship out of Bombay and thus to connect with the North German Lloyd line, on which I had bought passage around the world; and if they hadn't lied to me in Calcutta, when book-

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ing me across India, about connections in Delhi for Bombay, I would have made it. But I missed my ship in Bombay, owing to their misstatements, and it is costing me \$180.00 extra to take this P. & O. line. I am paying my way from Colombo to Suez twice, but it's saving me ten days and I wanted to get out of India. That's a measly mean country, and it's the wrong time of year for an unacclimated white man to try and travel there, anyway. But I'm tough, and got out with nothing more serious than I've narrated.

August 8.

We will get to Suez tomorrow morning. It hasn't been at all trying coming through the Red Sea. We have had a head breeze and the ship going against it has made it really enjoy-able most of the time. I have a fine large state-room, with an electric fan, all to myself. While I am the only American aboard, I haven't struck anything so unpleas-ant as on my last trip through the sea. You recall, in my "Commercial Pil-grim," there's an account there of an unpleasant experience I had in the Red Sea on a former trip. But there are a lot of very nice chaps aboard this ship, and I've had a good time. They did try to play a joke on the "Yank," but I've held 'em level so far, and as I get off tomorrow I may continue to hold my own.

The question of how the Red Sea got its name came up in the smoking room yesterday. I said that I had read somewhere, that a fly, of a reddish hue, covered the sea at certain seasons of the year, and hence the name. A colonel in the Indian army, going home for a furlough, spoke up and said, "That's a mis-take. The real reason for its name is the peculiar fact that the water, taken up in a small quantity, really has a slight reddish cast to it. While it looks blue in the mass, it shows that pecu-liar reddish tinge if a small quantity is put in a glass, or bottle."

The story was taken with languid interest. No one rushed out to get a bottle to fish up some Red Sea water, and I indus-triously and solemnly smoked a bum Indian cigar—best I could find in Bombay—and looked straight ahead, through wreathes

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of smoke, which I seemed to take more interest in than Red Sea water.

I was comfortably seated, on deck, in my steamer chair, this morning, when the Colonel came up with an empty soda water bottle and a ball of twine. While tying the twine to the neck of the bottle he turned to me and said, "I want to show you, Mr. Allen, that peculiarity of the water I mentioned in the smoking room yesterday." It began to have the look of genuineness to it, as he was going to all that trouble. He is a very dignified colonel, all of sixty years of age. It's a deuce of a job, grandma, to get some water in a soda water bottle, over the rail of a ship going fifteen miles an hour, and as the colonel fished, and fished, and the bottle bounced along on the bright blue waves of the *Red Sea*, I kept thinking, "Where's the joke, and what's the sell." I'd be a chump indeed to be caught, of all places in the world, in the *Red Sea*, by an Englishman. It was right along here, eleven years ago, that an Englishman was going to chew me up and spit me overboard for the sharks. Of course if he had, the water might have a red tinge to it, because I claim to have red blood in my veins, but as none of my blood has been spilled in the *Red Sea* I was naturally skeptical, albeit the colonel was not the stamp of the Englishman I had had the other experience with. He is a mighty nice fellow, dignified and courteous, an unusually fine gentleman. After a *great deal* of trouble, all of eight or ten minutes of fishing, he managed to get about half a teacup of water through the neck of that bottle, pulled it up carefully, hand over hand, *and it had a slightly reddish tinge to it!* Just a suspicion of pink. He triumphantly showed it to me and said, "You see, it's a fact, the water *has* a slightly reddish cast, if examined closely." He handed the bottle to me for my closer inspection.

The colonel's wife and a little coterie of English were gathered around. It was really marvelous—the water seemingly so blue but now reddish, if examined closely in a small quantity.

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"I must have some of that water to take home with me," I innocently remarked. "Oh, you are welcome to this, Mr. Allen," the colonel said.

"No, no," I said, "I must get it out of the sea myself." So I got up and left the crowd to go and get a bottle, the colonel kindly agreeing to let me have his ball of twine. It struck me he was entirely too willing to lend me that twine.

"The Yank had bit!" and it was a happy lot of Britishers waiting for him to come back, with his bottle, to fish up some Red Sea water. I slid down a flight of stairs to the bar in about a second. "Quick!" I said, "give me an empty soda water bottle and a bottle of claret." While the "bar-keep" was pulling the cork to that bottle of claret, I was filling up my soda water bottle with drinking water. Then I dumped enough of that claret into my bottle of water to make it *good* and red. In about two minutes I was back on deck, where my English cousins were gleefully awaiting my arrival, to fish up some Red Sea water, and they were all ready to help me tie the string around the neck of my bottle. I solemnly handed my soda bottle of blood-red water to the colonel and remarked, "Colonel, you didn't get yours on the right side of the ship! It's redder on the port side! Here is a bottle I just fished up on the port side, and, colonel, if you want it *good* and red you must, before letting your bottle down, swing it three times around your head and say, 'Menie, menie, miney, mo, catch a nigger by the toe, and if he *hollers* let him go.' "

"*Steward! steward!*" the colonel yelled, and as the deck steward appeared the colonel said, "*American* cock tails for the crowd, steward!" and the colonel counted noses and signed the chit. And the toast the courteous colonel proposed, as he lifted his glass to me, was, "Here's hoping, Mr. Allen, that America and England, the two great English speaking nations, will never have any more serious differences than their representatives have had on this ship today."

"I told you," the colonel's wife said to him as those American

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cock tails were being sipped, “that you’d better not try to play that trick on Mr. Allen.”

The colonel had dropped into his bottle, before letting it down, an infinitesimal grain of medicine he carried, which, when salt water struck it, turned the water to a delicate pink.

Just why I didn’t get caught, I don’t know. You know I’m naturally gullible, grandma. I think it must have been because there’s such a good lot in the home at “Willowbank.”

Give ’em all my love, and with a specially large consignment for yourself, I am,

Your favorite son-in-law,

GEORGE.

XV

A PEEP AT EGYPT

Cairo, Egypt, August 10, 1910.

"And here," he said, "is where Pharaoh's daughter came down to bathe, and found the infant Moses paddling his own canoe."

I feel certain that he showed me the exact spot, notwithstanding it didn't look just as I thought it was going to. I think he pointed out the right spot, because a peddler, around Shepherd's Hotel, where I am stopping in Cairo, tried to sell me a little watch charm, which, when he touched a spring, the cover flew open, and, sure enough, there was a figure inside of the charm, and the peddler told me it was Moses in the bulrushes.

It don't take a very astute person to put two and two together and get four for an answer. That charm was two and the guide's bare assertion was two; and two and two makes four; always did and always will.

But, if it hadn't been for that peddler and the watch charm, I'd have made that guide dig up his recommendations from globe trotters, which he had shown me, and which I had read before hiring him, for me to read again. Without the conclusive evidence of that charm, a second reading of the recommendations would have convinced me that such a good guide wouldn't deceive me, by pointing out any old place along the Nile, as the place where Miss Pharaoh was wont to bathe, instead of the really, truly spot.

I'm mighty grateful to Moses. He might have been found in

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the Nile, miles and miles away from the spot the guide showed me. As it is, we only had to take a few minutes' walk from that place to see the house where Joseph and Mary were in hiding when they took their flight into Egypt with the infant Jesus.

It's a great saving of time to have those two places so near together.

The place where the Princess bathed is located in a garden which surrounds a palace owned by a Pasha—a very cheap, tawdry sort of a palace, and the garden is very poorly cared for.

At the exact spot, which was pointed out to me, as being the place where Moses was found, is a sheer bluff of some fifteen feet in height, with the Nile washing its base. On the edge of the bluff is a crude wheel, over which runs an endless chain with cups attached. This chain lets down into the river, and the wheel is used to raise water for the garden. A decrepit, blind, sore-necked old cow works the wheel. When I was there the cow was resting from her labors, having been unhitched from the wheel while she ate her fodder, and the garden was languishing for water.

So far as I was concerned, I'd rather see the garden languish than to see that poor old critter work.

I looked for the bulrushes.

The mere fact that I looked for the bulrushes will show the reader the receptive state of mind I was in, to take without questioning the story the guide told me.

The Bible narrative, Sunday-school teachers, and picture cards that I used to receive when a little boy, had left a picture of that spot on my mind which I've carried with me for the greater part of my life. Those picture cards showed a graceful Princess, minus shoes and stockings, some maids-in-waiting, a Hebrew damsel standing some distance away, and a little baby kicking up its heels in a miniature Hiawatha's birch bark canoe, the canoe floating in the Nile, with a luxuriant growth of bulrushes surrounding it.

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There wasn't any bluff to the river's bank in that picture. The ground sloped gently to the river's brink, and the Princess stood at the water's edge just ready to feel of it with her foot, to determine whether or not it was of that temperature described as "fine."

The manufacturer of that watch charm the peddler tried to sell me, had caught the idea so far as the shape of the canoe and the baby kicking up his heels went, but the bluff, the water wheel and the cow saddened me somewhat.

But my philosophy of life is not to let little things mar the pleasure of the hour, and I had sacrificed some precious time to see the place where Moses was rescued from the bulrushes. It doesn't pay to be too captious about little things; and, anyway, those pictures I got at Sunday-school were probably drawn from the imagination of some artist. They *must* have been, because there was that charm, and the peddler's vehement assertion that it was Moses in the bulrushes, (he looked like a truthful peddler) and here was the guide with a pocketful of recommendations, some of them from eminent American globe trotters, vouching for his veracity and reliability—and *he had led me to the spot!*

I'm sorry for the people who have such a suspicious nature that they let seemingly unreconcilable details spoil a situation. The Princess may have slid down that chain, and the cow might have drawn her up after her bath.

The guide didn't tell me that that same cow was there when the Princess came down to bathe, but that might easily have been—it was such a very, very old cow.

But the guide didn't work that possibility into his story. It was a little theory of my own that I worked out myself, to help me in my momentary sadness at parting with a mental picture which I have carried around with me since childhood.

I'm glad I didn't give voice to that theory to my guide. He might work it on his next customers for fact. As he has to cater to all sorts of people, he might possibly queer himself when asking

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for more recommendations by springing that addition to his story onto a globe trotter.

I say possibly. Perhaps I do the globe trotters an injustice. After having looked over the recommendations of the guides I've hired, I will withdraw that insinuation; and on second thought I'm sorry I didn't put the guide wise to that theory that I selfishly kept to myself, albeit with the best intention. I don't believe the globe trotters would question his veracity if he were to dress up his story by saying that the Princess *did* slide down the chain and that this same cow *was* there to pull her up out of the water,—at least not enough to spoil his chances of getting a recommendation for his conscientiousness, veracity and reliability.

Oh, by the way, I didn't see any bulrushes, but that might easily be. It may be that the bulrush crop is a failure this year.

My guide, at parting, asked *me* to give him a recommendation. It sometimes takes considerable literary ability (to say nothing of certain qualifications of another sort) to write a tiptop recommendation. Being pressed for time I didn't use any more grey matter than I had to, in working up a recommendation for Abu Surgus. All of those he had were such good ones that I just picked out one and copied it, signed my name to it, and he took it and with profuse thanks added it to his exceedingly large bundle of documents of appreciation.

“Abu Surgus,” my recommendation read, “is a truthful, painstaking, conscientious and reliable guide. The visitor to Cairo could not do better than to place himself in Abu's hands.” Then I did break out into a little originality and added, “However limited one's time may be he will make a grave mistake if he does not visit the historic spot at the Nile's bank, where Pharaoh's daughter was wont to bathe, and where the infant Moses was found in his little ark, floating so peacefully amid the beautiful bulrushes.”

I trust my recommendation will help Abu. I really feel kindly towards Abu. He might have run me through a lot of

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temples that would have taxed me too much to write about in my limited time, because Egypt is really a hard nut to crack in a literary way, if you really want to know. But I've always thought it would be interesting to see where Moses was in the bulrushes, and that's what Abu showed me. I'd have written him a bully recommendation if I'd had more time.

Of course I went to see the Pyramids. They are just out of Cairo at a suburb called Gizeh, about eight or nine miles from Shepherd's Hotel. I took a trolley part of the way and then I took a camel—I mean a trolley took *me* part of the way and a camel took me the rest of the way.

The trolley line runs to within a mile of the Pyramids, where it terminates. At the terminus are two hotels and a photograph gallery. Donkeys or camels will take you out to the Pyramid field, where are the three greatest pyramids and the Sphinx.

These three largest pyramids stand, tit, tat, toe, three in a row, just as the pictures show them, about 100 rods apart. They stand upon a plateau, a rise of about 100 feet from the level of the surrounding country. These are not the only pyramids. Extending over an area of about fifty miles are no less than seventy. But the row of three, headed by the great Cheops, are the greatest, and the subject of the pyramids is usually dismissed from one's mind after these three are considered, unless one chances to be an archaeologist.

I supposed that those pyramids were built with regularly laid blocks of stone, tier upon tier, each tier receding in uniform measure until the apex was reached. I had it fixed in my mind that each ledge was about three feet wide. This is not the fact. The steps are not uniform at all. Some ledges are but six inches wide, some two feet, while again a stone will come flush with the one beneath it. To glance up the incline of Cheops it does not look like a staircase, not at all. Instead, it looks more like a choppy sea. While Cheops can be climbed with the help of the guides, the second pyramid in the row is impossible of ascent, as the stones are laid so as to give no foothold whatever.

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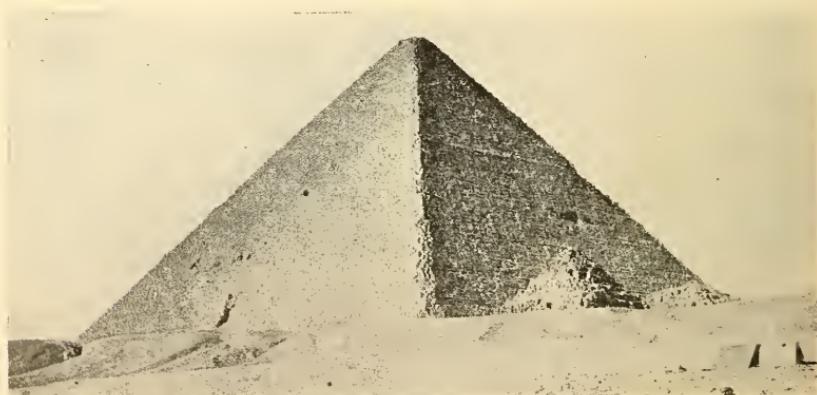
"A CAMEL TOOK ME."

As we neared the pyramids, Abu pointed them out to me and told me that there were the pyramids. He is a very "conscientious, painstaking and truthful guide."

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I don't know as there is anything particularly new and exciting to write about those pyramids, but I *will* say that they have held their own amazingly well. I don't know that I have ever seen anything man has made that has worn any better than those pyramids.

I wouldn't have you think I am flippant and wanting in respect for those grand old stone piles. Indeed I am not! I brought away indisputable proof that I'm not wanting in respect. I believe that I'm the only tourist who has ever visited them, since cameras were invented, who can show a photograph of himself at the pyramids without one of them showing for a background. I fully intended to do this thing myself. But when it came to the act of posing, I didn't have the nerve to use one of those pyramids for a back ground, so I stood *behind* the pyramid. Any admiring friends I may have left on earth, after I get through with this "literary job," may have one of these pictures of me at the pyramids by addressing me at Clinton and enclosing 10c. (stamps taken). The rapt look of awe on my face as the photographer made his exposure, with the pyramid betwixt me and his camera, is worth the money and worthy of a frame. The pyramid shuts off the view—otherwise it's an excellent portrait of the author.



"THE PYRAMID SHUT OFF THE VIEW."

"That," said Abu, "is the Sphinx."

"What!" I said, "that little thing down there in a hole?" It seemed to hurt his feelings (he is a sensitive as well as a "conscientious, painstaking and truthful guide,"—I'm sorry now that I didn't say in my recommendation that Abu is sensitive) to hear the Sphinx called, "a little thing!" But, when a fellow has, all through his life, seen pictures of that Sphinx looming up alongside one of the pyramids, when getting on the ground he has his eyes turned at the wrong angle when looking for the Sphinx's head. Situated in a depression about 100 rods away from the great pyramid of Cheops, on the barren sand dune, when I first caught sight of the Sphinx my surprise and disappointment were genuine! The guide book tells us it is 70 feet high. It didn't look half that to me. I thought the head would at least be about as big as a school-house, and looming up in the air, somewhere. Was fully prepared to get a crick in my neck looking up at it. But no crick was necessary, and the thing looked as if its head would almost go through a school-house door.

This is my first visit to Egypt, except seeing it from a steamer's deck as my ship passed through the Suez Canal. I had always said, "Next time I will stop off and see Egypt and Palestine," and this is the next time. I am now prepared to put down on paper some of my "first impressions."—that invaluable information which a traveler is able to serve up to a patient public after he has given two or three whole days to "do" a large country.

Egypt, with its wealth of 7000 years of history, lends itself beautifully to be thus written up by a hurried business man, who has just two days to attend to his business and to "see everything" in Cairo. I'm fortunate in not having such an attack of mental dyspepsia that I can't write a word!

If one is so unfortunate as to have but one day to devote to "seeing Cairo," my advice would be to get a well recommended guide,—(you won't have to lose any time finding him; you can't find any other kind)—and put yourself in his hands. That's

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what I did. Get Abu Surgus if you can.

After looking over this little lunch I've given you on Egypt, it seems to me I ought to be excused, especially as I've got to pack my grip and catch a train in a few minutes for Port Said, to connect with a boat from that port for Jaffa. But I will stop to add that Cairo is a tremendous town containing half a million inhabitants and crammed full of mosques with minarets.

There's the mosque of Sultan Hassan, the Mohammed Ali mosque, the mosque of Sultan Kalaun, the mosque of Arme, the mosque of El Azhar, and the mosque of El Muayzad, the mosque of El Hassanen, the mosque of Mohammed Nasir, the mosque of Sultan Barkuk—(however piffling the preceding part of my sketch on Egypt may be, I'm getting there now, all right)—the mosque of El Hakim, the mosque of Ak-Sunkur,—(some class to this stuff!);—and the mosque of El Burdeni;—also there are some more mosques. And the town is crammed full of antiquities; and there are tombs, and mummies and museums; and also a town full of mad Egyptians because Roosevelt came here and "insulted them," (or they think he did) because he told them some unwelcome but wholesome truths.

I had always supposed that Egypt was one land where they didn't have to use fertilizers to raise crops, because the Nile deposited a coating of mud each year on the soil, which took the place of that useful article in all other farming communities. But that's a mistake. The land is heavily fertilized. Strings of donkeys and camels are constantly carrying out fertilizer from towns and cities—in fact, don't seem to be doing much of anything else. And it's a land of more different kinds of apparatus for lifting water from canals and from the Nile, to irrigate the flat country, than one could handily imagine. Men and women, and cows, bulls, donkeys, camels, and goats are all employed to furnish power to work these numerous and varied appliances. And always the four-footed beasts of burden are blindfolded when hitched to the water wheels. Round and round and round they go, with bandages over their eyes. They would

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stop unless continually urged if they were not blindfolded. But blindfold and start them and they will keep going unattended by a driver, until the bandages are removed. And Egypt is a land of cotton, and a land of corn,—and of one style of hat for the male population, the Turkish fez. With thousands and thousands of years of history behind it and with great aspirations before it, Egypt is yet rife with ingratitude to old England, who pulled her out of chaos and set her on her feet.

XVI

THE TOUCHING TALE OF A TRUTHFUL GUIDE.

Jerusalem, August 17, 1910.

Jaffa is a town of some thirty thousand, and is the natural gateway to Palestine, for travelers from Egypt or Europe.

Jaffa has no harbor. Ships anchor in the open sea and landing is made by rowboat. When you get to Jaffa the first thing that strikes you is that Jaffa is the old town of Joppa, where Jonah went to take a ship for Tarshish, instead of going direct to Nineveh as the Lord had commanded him. You recall the story.

The experiences Jonah had on that trip from Joppa to Tarshish were unique and thrilling.

There is nothing of particular interest in Jaffa. It's a mangy smelly town, and after you are shown the house said to be that of Simon the tanner, where Peter had his vision, which was sent to make a less hidebound Christian of him, and Tabatha's fountain, you are ready to take up your march toward Jerusalem.

A little narrow-gauge railroad runs from Jaffa to Jerusalem, and there are two trains daily, morning and afternoon.

Anchoring off Jaffa on a Saturday morning, it was evening before we were landed, too late to catch the afternoon train for Jerusalem. Sunday morning I found myself, in company with three Englishmen, in a compartment of one of the passenger cars of the Jerusalem-Jaffa line, bound for Jerusalem.

These Englishmen were coming out from London to help Parker in excavating for the ark of the covenant, and we four had the compartment to ourselves. One of the Englishmen was a la-

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boring man; the other two looked as if they might be civil engineers. The laboring man smoked a pipe and didn't talk much. Indeed, he didn't talk at all. But the rest of us got into an animated conversation about the Jonah and whale story.

It beats all how three minds will disagree about the details of a story as old as that of Jonah and the whale, and one that everyone knows all about, too—or, are supposed to.

Nineveh, Tarshish and Joppa got pretty well mixed up. One of the three stoutly maintained that the whale swallowed Jonah and carried him to Nineveh, and that it took three days to get there. Another one contended that the whale swallowed Jonah at Joppa, took him three days out to sea, where Jonah was vomited up and rescued by some men in a ship, who afterward threw him overboard because he was Jonah. The other one couldn't call to mind Tarshish or Nineveh in the story, but he did know that Joppa fitted in somewhere, and that what one didn't want to be was a "Jonah." To set us all straight, it being Sunday morning, I announced that we'd have a Bible reading right then and there; so I got a Bible out of my grip and read the book of Jonah.

Somehow or other, after the reading, there fell a strange silence on the three of us who had done so much talking; but the chap who hadn't said a word removed his pipe from his mouth and remarked, "Well, there's no one as 'as been able to tell a bigger fish story, any'ow."

As we were then passing through that part of Palestine where Samson was said to have tied firebrands to the foxes' tails and sent them through the Philistines' grain, we all looked out of the windows, and nothing more was said about Jonah.

If the Philistines had as good a stand of grain as the natives garnered this year off that same land, there was a big loss of grain in that conflagration.

They are not a very progressive lot, though. The same method of threshing is employed today as that used when Boaz made love to Ruth. I would have felt better about it if the scene of that love story could have been laid on this fertile plain, about

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fifteen miles out of Jaffa, rather than around Bethlehem.

The land around Bethlehem, where Boaz had his field and threshing floor, doesn't look today as if it could possibly raise white beans, while the crops raised on the land where Samson and the foxes got even with the Philistines shows it to be just the kind of fertile land one would like to picture that whole-souled good fellow, Boaz, as owning.

On this latter field we passed the threshing floors, and I got a snapshot at them with my camera from the rear platform of our



"WE PASSED THE THRESHING FLOORS."

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train as it passed by. The ground is packed hard, and the grain as brought in from the fields is spread over the ground, while oxen drawing crude, low-wheeled carts are driven back and forth over it. When the straw is thoroughly cut into chaff in this manner, it is piled in windrows to await a favorable breeze, against which men throw it with shovels, thus separating grain from chaff.

On we rode, past orange groves and vineyards. At this season the landscape is parched and dry, as no rain falls for several months, making it perfectly safe to stack the grain outdoors and thresh it in the manner described.

Jerusalem, perched up in the mountains, is reached shortly after noon. A coating of drab dust covers everything, the few poor olive orchards and meagre vineyards surrounding the city partaking of the general drab hue.

In this dry season, the thought that would strike the traveler first, in coming upon a city like Jerusalem in any other part of the world, would be, that mineral wealth was the reason for the the city's being; but, as King Solomon's marble quarries (and a very indifferent grade of marble they yield) come the nearest to answering to mineral wealth, and as the only water supply is from cisterns, filled during the rainy season, and as what little thin soil there is to be found in the vicinity of the city has so many stone boulders and ledges sticking up through it, the traveler would consider that in this case—not its natural resources but its history and associations are the reasons for finding so well-built and solid a city on the site occupied by Jerusalem. For it is a solid, well-built city,—built of stone, of course. When they want to put up a building in Jerusalem they have only to put their hand out to find the material with which to build; and a wall-enclosed city of some 90,000 souls stands today on the ancient site of the city of David.

Coming down from my hotel the next morning after my arrival, I found several guides who were solicitous to show me the wonders and glories of the Holy City. It being the off-season

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for tourists, guides were a drug on the market. Starting in with their regular price, \$3.00, for a day's service, they kept bidding against one another until the ruinous price of 80c was reached. As all guides, ordinarily, look alike to me, I would probably have closed with the 80c man if a very bright-looking lad of seventeen, who had stood at one side listening to all the bids, hadn't stepped up at this juncture and said, "Mister, I will go with you today and be your guide for the pleasure of your company."

"Say! young man, what's your name?" I inquired.

"Solomon."



"SOLOMON "

under way.

"Yes," I replied, "I have a wife and son."

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"Solomon," I replied, "I'll hire you on your own terms. You look to me as if there were possibilities in you, Solomon. Aside from the tempting offer which you make, the subtle, I might say delicate, the almost elusive fragrance of the flattery contained in the words with which you proffer your services, make a decided hit with me. Come on, let's get busy. You're sure you understand Jerusalem and the points of interest, Solomon?"

"Yes, sir; where do you want to go first?"

"Well," I replied, "take me to the pool of Siloam. I'll have a look at that first." And we started.

"Have you a family?" Solomon asked me, as soon as we were

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"I hope they will live long and that God will bless them," said Solomon.

"Thank you," I replied. "You're welcome," Solomon said. And then Solomon got confidential, and said:

"When I was a little boy, ten years old—that was seven years ago—a lady came to Jerusalem from your country. Oh! she was a beautiful lady, and very rich. She had a dozen nurses to take care of her. She took a great fancy to me, and wanted me to be with her all the time. Wherever she went she took me with her, and she would buy me chocolates and other sweets, and every night she would give me five dollars. When she got ready to go back to America, she wanted to take me with her, and tried to get my mother to give me to her. She promised to take me to America and educate me and make me her heir. But my mother wouldn't part with me—you know a fond mother's love," Solomon said, glancing up at me and placing his hand on his heart.

"Yes, I know," I said, "at least I've read about it. Go on with your story, Solomon."

"Well," he continued, "my mother wouldn't part with me, and the lady went back to America without me. But, before she left Jerusalem, she gave me her card and told me if I ever needed money, or anything else, to write to her in America and she would see that I got it. Well, a short time after she left, I thought I could use some money, and, as I was only ten years old at that time, and hadn't learned how to write English, I got an Armenian scribe to write to her for me. And, do you know, that rascally Armenian ran off with that card, and with the letter which I had told him to write, so I have lost that lady's address in America, and I suppose, of course, that Armenian has been writing to her, in my name, all these years and getting money from her, and that she thinks she is sending it to me." And Solomon looked up at me with a pensive air—resigned to his hard luck—but with an expression hard to see in one so young.

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"How old was the beautiful young lady, Solomon," I asked?

"About twenty-seven years old," Solomon replied, without any hesitation.

"Solomon," I said, "that's a mighty touching tale. But own up now, Solomon, just between you and me, that you've been lying to me. And I want you to tell me where you got your plot. Did you work it out of your own head, or did you get it out of a book? It's a new one to me."

We were making pretty good time and had gotten to the walls of the city at this point in our conversation. I had handed Solomon my card, at his request. He said he liked to have the cards of people he guided; was making a collection of 'em.

He studied my card for an instant, and then, looking up from it to me, he said, "George, just between you and me, I'll tell you the truth,—that's a true story I told you and it really happened to me."

I roared. Solomon was an entertaining guide, and, at my evident appreciation of his powers to please, his pensive look gave place to a sympathetic laugh. We had gotten outside the city walls by this time, and I was finding it a hot and rough walk.

"How far is it to the pool of Siloam, Solomon," I asked.

"Oh, about twenty minutes' walk," Solomon replied.

"Do you know, Solomon," I said, "I don't believe I want to see it bad enough to take a twenty minutes' walk to get there. I thought I wanted to see the place where the man couldn't get into the water after the angel stirred it, because someone got in ahead of him; but I guess I'll cut it out, Solomon, if it takes twenty minutes to get to it from here."

"Why," said Solomon, "It isn't the pool of Siloam you want; it's the pool of Bethesda. That's inside the city walls. Come on back and I'll show it to you."

"Solomon, you're right," I sheepishly replied, my Bible coming back to me upon Bethesda being mentioned, "I got mixed in my pools."

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So Solomon led me back into the city, to the pool of Bethesda. It looked to me like a good-sized cistern down among the ruins of old Jerusalem. The Greek Catholic Church of St. Anne is on the premises, under the protection of the French.

In the vestibule of the church is to be seen the story of Christ at the pool of Bethesda, told in sixty-two languages, each interpretation having its own frame. And a pleasant-faced young monk is on the ground to sell the tourist post-cards and also exquisitely wrought watch charms, made in Paris, the size of a 25c piece, with bas-relief figures on them representing Christ commanding the impotent man to take up his bed and walk.

The great objective point in Jerusalem, however, the one place that draws pilgrims from the ends of the earth, is the church of the Holy Sepulchre. Five hundred and fifty-three Austrian pilgrims are in Jerusalem today, in one party, and the one place that they have visited in a body is this church. They are here under one management, gathered from one locality in Austria. Farmers, merchants, artisans, housewives, domestics, farm hands make up the party. The prosperous, well-dressed merchant and his spouse, the thrifty farmer, whose clothes are good enough till they are worn out, and the domestic in sunbonnet and calico gown, composed that party of five hundred and fifty-three as they slowly marched past my hotel, up through David street, solemnly chanting a hymn, enroute to visit in a body this holy shrine, and, after that great event of the pilgrimage, to separate and visit other points of interest in small companies, as their several inclinations suggested.

Five hundred and fifty-three pilgrims in one party might suggest that this is not the off-season for tourists in Jerusalem; but it is, just the same. The winter months, the rainy season, "when the land bursts into bloom," is the time to come to see it at its best, and that is when the tourists come, and the hotels fill up. And Solomon will go with you then for the pleasure of your company—and a consideration.

These pilgrims, and other parties like them, are entertained

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at various hospices by monks, and are poor picking for hotels and guides.

But Solomon and I were having a good time, and as I was to pay for Solomon's services, by showing myself to be a good fellow, when he ran me into a store selling Jerusalem souvenirs and introduced the proprietor to me as his uncle, I thought it about time to begin to make it pleasant for Solomon, so I said to the proprietor, "Solomon is a mighty interesting boy. That was a very unusual experience he had with the American heiress"—

Solomon came up close to me and said in an undertone, "Don't tell him that story."

I waived Solomon to one side. If there's one thing I enjoy more than another it's to pay my debts, and I was making it pleasant for Solomon—and at the same time getting a little fun out of it, on the side, for myself.

The story seemed to be news to Solomon's uncle, though he didn't appear to be much startled. He seemed to take it as if he knew Solomon pretty well, but couldn't quite recall the identity of the beautiful American heiress who had so sweetly flitted in and out of Solomon's life.

When I got down to where the "fond mother's love" had to be dealt with, Solomon's uncle said "Well, his mother does think a great deal of him," whereupon Solomon jumped up as if he had been shot out of a gun and exclaimed, "There, didn't I tell you that was a true story?" I apologized to Solomon for doubting it for a minute, and after telling the Uncle the whole story, we fell to planning Solomon's future.

I suggested that the uncle put up cash enough for Solomon to go to America and hunt for his heiress, and when found to marry her.

The uncle thought that was a little risky. He said that Solomon was only seventeen now, while the heiress was twenty-seven, seven years ago, and aside from the disparity in their ages, she might now be married.

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I told him that wasn't so bad as it sounded. That if she was twenty-seven years old seven years ago, it was a cinch that she was still twenty-seven, and that she would hold that age down for at least three more years, at which time Solomon would be twenty, which would only leave seven years difference in their ages, and, that Solomon's love could easily leap that chasm of years. As for the thought that she might be married, it should be banished. I felt sure that if Solomon found her, he'd find her still single—and waiting for him.

It was lunch time before Solomon's uncle and I got through with Solomon's future, and we decided that, for the present, Solomon had better stay right here in Jerusalem and stick to the guide business. I guess that was the wisest thing. He has rare qualifications for this profession. I comforted Solomon (whose eyes fairly sparkled at the thought of going to America) by telling him that his heiress might get tired of coughing up cash to that rascally Armenian; that she might tumble in time—



"WENT WITH SOLOMON IN THE AFTERNOON FOR THE PLEASURE OF HIS COMPANY."



"AND EVERY ONCE IN A WHILE THOSE ASSES



WOULD STOP TO LAUGH AT SOLOMON'S JOKES."

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get wise to the imposition, and blow into Jerusalem most any day looking for the lad she loved. "Then, Solomon," I added, "think what an advantage for you to be on the ground to explain matters."

I told Solomon, as we parted at lunch time, to meet me at two, that I would go with *him* in the afternoon for the pleasure of *his* company.

There is no doubt about it, that boy Solomon is all right, and has the makin's of a first-class guide in him. We chartered donkeys for that afternoon, and every once in a while those asses would stop and laugh at Solomon's jokes. I only regretted that I couldn't have kept him with me during my stay in Jerusalem, but, the next day, his family started for a few days' pilgrimage somewhere, and Solomon said his mother would never stand for his not going along—and I don't blame her. As he needed a little spending money for that trip, I didn't hold him strictly to his offer but loosened up a little.

Solomon has, more or less, the ability to read humanity, I think. He told me when I paid him that he sized me up as being a safe subject to make his offer to.

XVII

FROM JERUSALEM TO JERICHO

Jerusalem, August 18, 1910.

The man who journeyed from Jerusalem to Jericho passed many places on the road admirably suited to the Biblical thieves. A three horse team, starting at six in the morning, brings you to Jericho at eleven a.m., with a short rest half way, at the Inn of the Good Samaritan. The inn has all the oriental settings of Bible times. A low, one-story stone building, and a walled compound, the latter for the travelers' beasts. Mine host was a typical Arab and told me he was making good at the Inn of the Good Samaritan.

Three rooms constitute the inn. One is a common court where travelers arriving in the night may find repose, by throwing any bedding they may have with them on the floor and reposing on it. The next room is for refreshments, where coffee is served; and the third room is a curio shop. After regaling myself with a cup of coffee, mine host waved his hand toward the room of curios and said, "Will you walk into my parlor, said the spider to the fly?" No reason why the present proprietor of the Inn of the Good Samaritan shouldn't make good!

The road to Jericho lies through mountains. About half way between Jerusalem and the Inn of the Good Samaritan Bethany is passed, which is today a handful of ruins. A stop of a few minutes was made to show the traditional home of Lazarus.

All along the way, bands of Bedouins, with laden asses and camels carrying provender and grain drifted by. Upon reach-

FROM JERUSALEM TO JERICHO

ing Jericho we found two or three hundred inhabitants living in poor mud houses, and two fairly good hotels. These hotels are supported by tourists from Jerusalem to Jericho, who, having gotten to Jericho, must have a meal before driving on to the Dead Sea, six miles away. The Dead Sea is the lowest spot below sea level on earth, and with water so dense that it rivals that of great Salt Lake in density. It bears one up like a cork, and tastes bad, to which statement I'll bear witness.



"IT TASTES BAD."

From the Dead Sea, it's a five-mile drive to the River Jordan over the beaten path. And once you've taken a swim in the River Jordan you'll be cured of ever wanting to swim in that river again. It's better to stand on the bank of that sacred

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stream and think of the things you'd naturally think about while standing on Jordan's bank, than to undress and try in that way to absorb the situation more thoroughly. Being of an in-



"I WANTED TO SWIM IN IT."

FROM JERUSALEM TO JERICHO

tense nature—I guess that's what you'd call it—I wasn't satisfied to just look at Jordan. I wanted to *swim* in it. It was an easy thing to stand on the bank and dive in, but after my swim, I sank into mud above my knees in clambering out. From the Jordan, I drove back to Jericho for an eight o'clock dinner, a few hours' sleep, and an early start next morning for Jerusalem.

One of the most pathetic scenes I have ever witnessed is the wailing place of the Jews. Not with loud lamentations, not with howlings and perfunctory groans, do the Jews gather at their wailing place in Jerusalem. Where do we get our ideas that fasten untruths in our minds, such as the wrong impression I have just noted and which I brought to Jerusalem? The wailing place is a narrow street, or court, skirting the walls of what was once the site of Solomon's temple. Here the Jews congregate Friday afternoons and Saturday mornings, read from the lamentations of Jeremiah, also the 79th and 102nd Psalms, and reverently and quietly kiss the stones of that wall. You will, during these meetings, witness devout old Jews and Jewesses with tears streaming down their cheeks devoutly praying for the restoration of Israel.

My idea had always been, that when I got to Jerusalem I would be guided outside the city to a hill, and there shown the traditional spot on which Christ was crucified, and near to it His place of burial. Not so. I was led through various narrow streets, well lined with shops and crowded with people, finally to come to a flight of steps. Descending these steps I reached a paved court, and immediately before me was the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Now, a church inside the populous city covering the spot on which the Saviour was crucified, didn't seem to me in keeping with the Bible account. Once inside the church the first thing pointed out was the Stone of Unction, a slab of marble about seven feet long supported by pillars a foot high.

This stone is placed here, because this is the spot, it is said, where our Lord's body was laid when He was anointed for His burial after being taken down from the cross. A few feet to the



"THE WAILING PLACE OF THE JEWS."

FROM JERUSALEM TO JERICHO

left another spot is pointed out, where, it is said, the Virgin Mary and the other women stood as they witnessed the anointing.

Inside this very building one is also shown the place where the cross is said to have been placed, and a couple of feet away a brass plate, about five inches wide, is slid to one side, to show where the rock was cleft by the earthquake. In another part of the church is a tomb, built on the place, we are told, where was the original tomb of Joseph of Arimathea, in which the Saviour was laid. Within this church, conveniently to hand, the pilgrims are shown the places where pretty much everything happened on that stupendous occasion of the crucifixion, burial, and rising from the dead of the Saviour of mankind.

Latins, Greeks, Mohammedans, Armenians, Syrians, all claim portions of this church covering these supposedly authentic historical places; and the Turkish government stands guard over them all to keep them in order, and to quell the ructions which frequently arise, occasioned by the clashing of so many sects, laying claim to this one place on the earth's surface that has the power to draw pilgrims from all over the globe.

There was nothing in the location that appealed to me. I wanted to get away from it as fast as I could. I could feel more reverent in any other place in Jerusalem. Indeed, simply to be in the Holy City was enough to satisfy a longing which I'd always had to visit Jerusalem.

But as to this church of the Holy Sepulchre, I could figure out to my own satisfaction, that while this city, *this very city*, stands upon the site where stood an older city through whose streets walked the Saviour—the place on the surface of the earth where Christ capped His mighty works by laying down His life and rising from the dead—yet to have a particular building pointed out as the centre of the whole divine tragedy and wrangled over by half a dozen jealous sects—well, I found the quarters were too cramped to hold the emotions I experienced upon being in Jerusalem, and I wanted to get outside the church and look at

AROUND THE WORLD

the surrounding hills which I *knew* Christ had looked upon.

Of course I wanted to see Bethlehem, and to Bethlehem I went. It is an hour and a half's drive directly South of Jerusalem. And here, again, several denominations own the Church of the Nativity, built over the alleged site of the stable where Christ was born. The exact spot, however, where they claim the manger was located, is owned by all the sects in common, and they have their different hours to worship there. But the town itself, was near enough to the manger to satisfy the desire that made me want to go to Bethlehem.

In Jerusalem, upon the following day, after seeing Bethlehem, while driving out past the Damascus Gate to get a view of the city's environs we passed a walled-in garden, and on an iron gate to that garden was a sign, "The Garden Tomb."

"What is 'The Garden Tomb?'" I asked my guide.

"Why," he said, "that's Gordon's Calvary," and then I got another jar.

It seems that while through the centuries jealousies and wars and bloodshed have centered around the traditional site of Calvary inside the present city walls, where a man must use all the imagination he has, and then borrow some, or else accept the stories told him on faith, without the exercise of his judgment, in order to feel that he is anywhere near Calvary—while, during all the centuries all this was going on, yet just outside the city walls, and corresponding to the Bible description stood a hill that looks like a skull. And it seems that General Gordon, after cinching Egypt for England, came over to Jerusalem for a holiday, and, in looking around, saw the situation, and forthwith got up a syndicate of English gentlemen who bought the land surrounding that little hill. In clearing away the debris of ages, in a cliff just under the hill that looks like a skull (anyone can see it), they found a tomb hewn out of the living rock. And so they put a garden around that tomb, and a wall around the garden, and the sacred shrine is under the control of a few estimable gentlemen who live in London, England.

FROM JERUSALEM TO JERICHO

The English certainly beat the Dutch, or any other nation, for seeing and cinching situations. After picking up and fortifying most of the strongholds on earth, they have quietly come over here to Jerusalem and got a wall around the site of Calvary. I shan't be at all surprised if I discover, when I reach the gates of the New Jerusalem, that St. Peter isn't a Jew at all, but an Englishman! And if, when working my way in with a crowd—after getting safely past the portals through which all humanity aims to pass—if I remark to the keeper of the gate, "They are coming in strong today, aren't they, Peter?" I don't believe I shall drop with surprise if he comes back at me with, "Well, ra-ather!"

XVIII

A LETTER THAT EXPLAINS ITSELF.

NAPLES, Italy, September 2, 1910.

My Dear Wife—I've been in Naples, "dreamy Naples," for a week; and now what I want to see is New York; hustling, wide-awake, get-up-and-dust New York. My only reason for wanting to see New York is that I can get to Clinton from there in so short a time. I sail tomorrow and will land in New York the 14th, in time to catch the evening train for Clinton. I'll get home at midnight. Leave the front door unlocked, the light on in the hall, and a lunch on the dining table. I'll come in quietly and not wake the family.

Will I be glad to get home? Oh, no: I guess not!

This is the same old town—picturesque dirt, and happy Italians. Got our old room at the same hotel on the bay. Those same boys you saw fishing off the quay two and a half years ago and whom you thought were Italian statuary placed there by the government, are in the same places and still fishing.

No, none of them have caught a fish yet.

The street musicians come in every night, as ever, at dinner, and sing:

"Likie you Vesuvio, Likie you Pompeii,
Likie you the Grotto blue, Likie you Capri.—

And every last dealer in postcards in Naples, who has caught sight of me this trip, has stopped me to ask, "Where is the missus?"

It isn't worth while writing much, I'll be home so soon,—in a couple of days after you get this.

DEC 7 1910

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